

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

MARCH, 1886.

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The River Niger is, therefore, of the greatest importance to this country, and there is every prospect of its giving Great Britain a more prosperous as well as a more substantial African Empire than the Congo is likely to give to the King of the Belgians. It is now no longer a hidden mysterious stream, of which no one even knew where it went to, or where it found its way into the sea. The French are now busy taking possession of its upper waters above Timbuktoo from their colony in Senegal, whilst the Lower Niger is studded with English factories, from which African produce is carried down to the sea in suitable steamers, and there shipped for Europe. What various nations are now attempting to carry out on the Congo by an International Association with a doubtful prospect of success, has been to a considerable extent attained by the energies and enterprise of British travellers and merchants on the Niger.

The River Niger, and those parts of Africa through which it flows, appear to have been known, in some degree, to the ancients. On the walls of ancient temples and tombs in Upper Egypt, in the sculptured representations of passing events, groups of fettered slaves are found, marked with the characteristics of the negro, and this gives rise to the belief that the Copts, more than three thousand years ago, were acquainted with the interior of



Africa, and that slavery was, even in those early days, the lot of the natives of the Soudan.

From Herodotus we learn that four hundred and eighty years before Christ attempts were made to penetrate the unknown and distant countries that lay beyond the Great Desert. Some of these early travellers are said to have found their way over vast plains to a city built on a great river. In time it came to be supposed that the city they found must have been on the River Niger. At all events, this single passage in the *Euterpe* of Herodotus continued to direct the researches of African travellers in that direction.

Another curious proof that the people of Egypt and North Africa have held intercourse with the negroes of the Soudan, even as far south as Ashanti and the Gold Coast, exists in the occasional discovery in those parts of hoards of peculiar beads, which the natives call "aggrey" beads, and value at a higher rate than gold. Modern manufacturers have tried their best to imitate these beads, and to impose upon the natives, but have never succeeded in doing so. These beads, curiously coloured and very light in weight, were certainly not made in those countries where they are now found, and the most plausible theory is that they are of ancient Egyptian origin, and were manufactured for barter among the savages, and so were carried across the whole breadth of Africa, and to the countries south of the Niger, which must therefore have been, in some parts of its course, known to these commercial explorers.

The Greek historian, Ptolemy, must have gained much information about the countries south of the Great Desert from travellers who had visited them. He has laid down the positions of many places which cannot be identified, but he writes clearly about two large rivers which traverse the central Soudan, one of which seems to be the Joliba or Niger, and the other may probably prove to be its great tributary, the Chadda, or Binué.

Roman armies crossed the Great Desert, but have left no information about the Niger, and for centuries after them the interior of Africa remained forgotten and unknown.

In the fourteenth century Arab travellers began to tell of the interior and the River Niger, and in 1353 one Ibn Batuta wrote an account of them. In 1556 Leo Africanus published a work<sup>1</sup> which speaks of the Niger as the great river of Africa,

<sup>1</sup> *Viaggi de Ramusio*, tom i. p. 78.

and describes cities and nations on its banks, and says that "Tombutto" was a rich and powerful city, built by a King called Mensi Suleiman, in the year 610 of the Hegira, A.D. 1232.

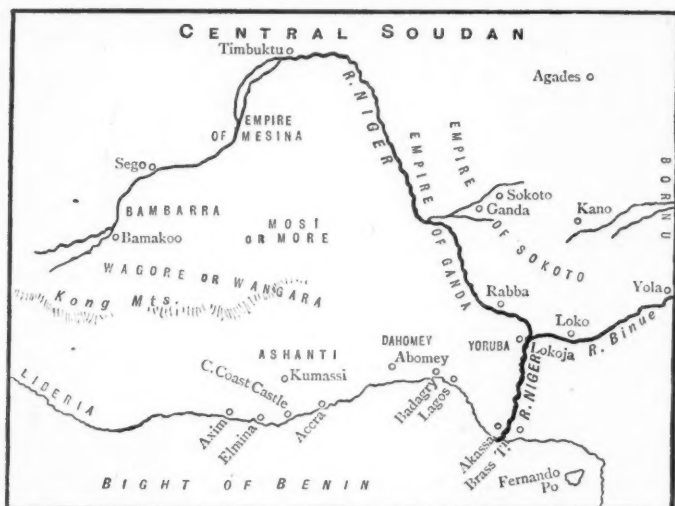
The Portuguese made many discoveries along the West Coast of Africa, and commenced the slave trade, which in course of time was developed by England to such an extent that, towards the end of the eighteenth century, inquiries began to be made about the countries from which so many thousands of slaves were drawn. The consequence was that in 1788 the "African Association" was formed for the purpose of promoting the discovery of the interior parts of Africa. The first efforts of the Association were spent in sending out two explorers, Mr. Ledyard and Mr. Lucas. Of these, Ledyard died at Cairo, while Lucas was unable to penetrate far into the desert from Tripoli, but he gathered much information about the Niger and its surrounding countries. He was told, however, that the source and outlet of the Niger were unknown, and that its course was *from east to west*. It was a common supposition for a long time that the Niger ran westwards, and flowed into the sea by some of the river mouths near Sierra Leone.

Further information obtained from Arab travellers induced the Association to send out Major Houghton for the purpose of discovering the Niger by way of the River Gambia. He did not, however, get very far, as he was robbed by his guides and followers of all the merchandize and goods he took with him, and left by them to perish.

The next explorer of any note was Mungo Park, whose name has become so dear to all readers of travel and discovery. He proceeded into the interior by the River Gambia, and after surmounting many dangers and immense difficulties, he reached the great town of Sego, which is the capital of the large kingdom of Bambarra, and is situated on the Upper Niger. This was in July, 1796. The native name of the river is Joliba, and he found it flowing slowly to the eastward. He traced the river for some little distance in that direction, and then returned to England.

Although Mungo Park had reached the Niger, he had only seen a small portion of it, and his knowledge of its further course was of a very vague character. Other travellers were therefore induced to go out and make further discoveries, but

without success. The principal of these was a German named Homerman, who is supposed to have travelled a long distance down the Niger, but he never returned to tell his tale.



In the year 1805 Mungo Park started again for the Niger, under the authority of the Colonial Office, with instructions to "pursue the River Niger to the utmost possible distance to which it can be traced." His route was again by the Gambia, and he was accompanied by a party of three officers and forty-two men, composed of soldiers, sailors, and artificers.

By great energy and perseverance, Mungo Park again reached the Joliba, or Niger, but of his party one officer and three soldiers were all that survived. The others died of fatigue, privations, and fevers encountered in their travels in a bad climate, and during the rainy season.

The survivors built a vessel out of some old canoes, and on November 19, 1805, they started on their course down the river, with the intention of discovering its outlet into the sea. In the following year rumours reached the coast that they had all perished. It was not until 1810 that any real attempt was made to find out what had happened. In that year a man named Isaaco, who had acted as Park's guide for a portion of the way, was sent to discover all he could. Isaaco found the man who had gone as guide and pilot in the boat, and from him he learned that Park and his companions travelled past

Timbuctoo and the most northern point of the Niger, and then went for a long way down its southern course through the rapids which abound in the central portion of the river, as far as Boussa or Busah. Here, when still among rocks and rapids, they were attacked by the chief of the country and an armed force, and after a brave defence, they all perished.

Disastrous and fatal as the Mungo Park expedition was, it had added much to the previous information about the Niger. Its course as far as Boussa was now known, and it was also ascertained that after flowing eastwards for some way, it took its course to the south. This gave rise to a supposition that it flowed into the Congo or Zaire, and consequently two expeditions were sent out, one of which was to follow the route of Mungo Park, and the other to ascend the Congo. Both these expeditions succumbed to hardships and fevers, and failed. Two other attempts were equally unsuccessful.

In the year 1822 a great advance was made in the discoveries of the interior. Clapperton, Oudney, and Denham, starting from Tripoli, crossed the Great Desert, and reached the great Mahomedan kingdom of Bornu, which is situated on the western and southern sides of Lake Chad. They did not obtain much information about this lake, which until quite lately has been supposed to be connected with the great tributary of the Niger, now called the Binué, but which also bears the name of "Chadda." Recent explorations, however, have proved that the Binué entering the country of Bornu comes from the south, and its sources, which are yet undiscovered, lie probably somewhere in the Congo region.

Clapperton travelled westward from Bornu through another large and important Mahomedan country called Sokotoo, and there learned that he was in the neighbourhood of the Niger. This led to his heading another expedition in the year 1825, accompanied by three other gentlemen. They commenced their journey at Badagry, situated on a lagoon near Lagos, of which colony it is now a portion, intending to reach Sokotoo from there. Clapperton's three companions soon died of fever, and he continued his journey accompanied by a faithful servant, Richard Lander, who afterwards became famous as the discoverer of the outlet of the Niger into the ocean.

In time they reached Boussa, where they received confirmation of the violent deaths of Mungo Park and his companions. They crossed the Niger below Boussa, and eventually reached

the town of Sokotoo, where Clapperton died. Lander travelled further through the country of Sokotoo, but was forced by the natives to retire, and he returned to Badagry by the same route by which he had come up with Clapperton, bringing his master's papers with him.

About this time Major Laing, starting from Tripoli, crossed the Great Desert and reached Timbuctoo, the most northern point of the Niger. He was attacked and ill-treated by the Arabs on his way there, and was murdered by them on his way back, and his papers were all lost.

Up to this time the outlet of the Niger still remained unknown. No one had tracked its course much further than Boussa. But the mystery was now solved by the intrepid and persevering Richard Lander. The Government furnished him with all he required, and, accompanied by a brother named John, he returned to Badagry, where he hired native attendants who had been with him before. Taking the same route as Clapperton, they reached the Niger at Boussa; and there, with four natives, they embarked in an open canoe, and commenced their voyage down the unknown stream. They reached Lokojah, which is situated at the confluence of the Binué, or Chadda, with the Niger, and has now a Catholic mission established in it. Being uncertain as to the course of the Niger, they went a little way up the Binué, but finding the stream was against them, they returned and got into the right course of the united streams.

On arriving at the top of the Delta where the Niger divides into many separate streams, they were taken prisoners at a market town. This proved a fortunate occurrence for them, as they were sent down to a native King at Brasstown on the coast, and so reached the Atlantic in safety. Had they been left to themselves, they would probably have been lost among the many channels by which the Niger reaches the sea, or have perished by reaching the ocean at some uninhabited outlet.

The accounts which the Landers brought home of the River Niger, and of the quantities of ivory they had seen, led to a mercantile expedition being fitted out by some Liverpool merchants for the purpose of opening up trade on that river. Two steamers and a small brig were got ready for this venture, and by order of the Admiralty Captain Allen was attached to the party, in order to make a survey of the river. The smaller of the steamers was built by Mr. McGregor Laird, a name now so famous in the annals of shipbuilding. It was the first iron vessel

which crossed the Atlantic. The whole expedition was under the direction of Richard Lander, and Mr. Laird himself accompanied it.

Unfortunately this expedition arrived at the Niger after the time of the year in which its waters are high. Consequently it had to make its way up in a falling river, and among increasing shoals and shallows. The steamers reached the confluence of the Binué with the Niger, where one of them got aground, and remained so until the rise of the river in the following year. This delay, in the most unhealthy season, soon spread the fever among the crews, and out of forty-seven officers and men in the steamers, only eight survived.

As a mercantile speculation this expedition proved a failure, for no great amount of ivory was found, so Mr. Laird returned home in the brig which had remained at the mouth of the river to receive the expected cargo.

Captain Allen managed by his own exertions to ascend the Niger as far as Rabba, and he explored the Binué for about eighty miles. This enabled him to make observations and sketches which were of much use to others who followed him in exploring these parts.

Mr. Lander was not daunted by the failure of the expedition, and having gone to Fernando Po, he fitted out a vessel and sent her up the Niger in charge of Mr. Oldfield, a surviving medical officer. Lander followed with a launch and a canoe, in which were stowed a further supply of goods. These goods attracted the notice of the natives before he had passed the Delta, and they soon attacked him in their canoes. He abandoned the launch, and tried to escape down the river in the canoe, but he was struck by a shot, and although he reached Fernando Po, he died there a few days after.

Mr. Oldfield managed to get safe away in his vessel, after vain attempts to open trade, and the two steamers were left to decay at Fernando Po. Such was the unfortunate end of this brave, but unsuccessful enterprise.

After this, Mr. Becroft, a name well known in the history of West African exploration, ascended the Niger, and reached a point fifty miles beyond Rabba, where he was stopped by the rocks and cataracts which abound in the central portion of the river, as in the Nile and the Congo.

These efforts of individuals and small parties were succeeded by a Government expedition on a larger scale. This was the



result of the growing popular feeling of the necessity of checking and suppressing the slave trade, which reached its greatest height about the year 1838.

For this purpose, the "Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade and for the Civilization of Africa" was formed, under the presidency of Prince Albert. This society recommended to Lord John Russell, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that an expedition should be sent out by Government with Commissioners empowered to make treaties of commerce, and for the suppression of the export of slaves, with the chiefs on the coast and principal rivers of West Africa. Lord John Russell heartily approved of the movement, and in a letter to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, dated December 26, 1839, he showed that "the average number of slaves introduced into foreign States or colonies in America and the West Indies from the western coast of Africa annually, exceeds a hundred thousand." After observing that the whole of the British navy would be insufficient to put an end to the traffic, he recommended that an expedition should be sent to the Niger in order to enter into commercial relations with the tribes residing on its banks, among whom the slave trade was actually carried on. The Treasury sanctioned the expedition, and three iron steamers suitable for river navigation were built for it by Mr. John Laird at Birkenhead. These three vessels, named the *Albert*, the *Wilberforce*, and the *Soudan*, were under the command of Captain Trotter, R.N., who sailed in the *Albert*, while Commander Allen was in charge of the *Wilberforce*, and Commander Bird Allen of the *Soudan*.

On March 23, 1841, the expedition was personally inspected by Prince Albert, who presented a handsome gold chronometer to each of the captains. Besides the naval officers, several men of science, sent out by the "African Civilization Society," joined the expedition for the purpose of obtaining information about the countries that might be visited. An Agricultural Society was also formed for the purpose of establishing a model farm in some suitable locality. A West Indian negro of education and experience, Mr. Carr, was engaged to be Superintendent of the farm; and stores, implements, &c., were taken on board.

The expedition sailed in April, but did not cross the bar at the principal mouth of the Niger called the Nun, until the 15th of August. The narrative of this expedition, published in 1848, gives a most interesting account of the Lower Niger and



its inhabitants, and that part of the world was no longer unknown.

The expedition reached Lokoja, at the confluence of the Niger and Binuë, and a position was chosen there for the model farm, and an attempt made to establish it, which soon ended in utter failure and abandonment. Sickness soon began to play havoc among the officers and men, and the *Soudan* was sent down to the sea with a cargo of invalids from the three ships. But fevers continued to attack those who were left, especially in the *Wilberforce*, and she had to follow the *Soudan* to Fernando Po. The *Albert* remained in the river, and in October was as far up as Rabba, where the advanced civilization of the inhabitants surprised Captain Trotter and his people. She then returned down the river to Fernando Po, with Captain Trotter very ill, and on the 25th, Commander Bird Allen was added to the long death-roll.

The vessels made voyages to Ascension and other places, and Captain Trotter returned to England. Captain Allen determined again to ascend the Niger, but orders arrived from the Admiralty that the expedition was to return home. The order was obeyed, but the *Wilberforce* was sent again up the river, under the command of Lieutenant Webb, in order to see after the model farm and those who had been left there. He went with a few officers and a black crew, with strict orders from the Admiralty that he was not to explore, nor go beyond Rabba. The model farm had been left in charge of settlers taken there, under the superintendence of Mr. Carr, but as he left to go down the river with the *Albert*, they at once took to idleness, vice, and thieving, and therefore Lieutenant Webb wisely resolved to abandon the station altogether. Mr. Carr had attempted to return, but he never reached the farm, having probably been murdered by natives on his way.

After this Government expedition, several British firms established themselves at various mouths of the Niger, in order to carry on barter traffic with the natives of those localities. Cotton goods, crockery, beads, cutlery, salt, gunpowder, spirits, and other articles, were bartered for palm oil, ivory, and other African produce, and for a time large profits were realized. The goods exported from this country were not of an expensive character, whilst the produce, though without any real value to the natives in itself, was of great value in Europe. The Europeans dealt with the coast natives, who acted as middlemen

between them and the natives of the interior, who sent the produce down to the coast. This of course increased the price of produce considerably, and the Europeans would gladly have established themselves further in the interior, so as to deal direct with the natives there. But the coast natives naturally objected to this, as they were paid by both parties, and they opposed by force any attempts to pass them by. However, by means of armed steamers, four British firms managed in time to establish themselves at some of the most important places on the Niger for some five hundred miles from its mouth. When once a steamer had got beyond the Delta it was safe, and welcomed by the natives, but until it reached there, it had to run the gauntlet of active hostility from the tribes who objected to such interference with their profitable work of brokers for both buyers and sellers. Her Majesty's gunboats were also continually requisitioned to chastise these hostile tribes.

These firms, notwithstanding all the difficulties they had to contend with, made very substantial profits by their trade, and brought the Niger countries into more direct communication with Europe. They gradually formed efficient staffs of servants, got on good terms with the chiefs, and acquired the experience necessary for profitably working a trade so peculiar in itself. But they found that rivalry and competition between themselves was very detrimental to profits, so they wisely agreed to amalgamate their interests. These firms were: Messrs. Alex. Millar, Brother, and Co., of Glasgow; the West African Company Limited, of Manchester; Mr. James Pinnock, of Liverpool; and the Central African Trading Company Limited, of London. By this amalgamation they became the "United African Company Limited."

This company largely developed trade on the Niger, and in time crushed the opposition of the Delta tribes. It also commenced to open up communication with countries in the interior, and became a very influential power on the Niger as far as Rabba.

The banks of the Lower Niger are inhabited by a large number of different tribes who are heathens, and no tribe possesses land on both sides of the river. But beyond the confluence of the Niger with the Binué a different state of affairs exists. Very large and powerful kingdoms are there found, which are Mohammedan in religion, and each one, however much subdivided into states under local rulers, is

under the supreme government of a sultan. To the east of the Niger, and above the Binué, lies the empire of Sokotoo, with its Sultan residing at a great town of the same name, whilst a vassal rules at Gando in the same neighbourhood, and another at Kano, a great trading town, with some thirty thousand inhabitants. To the east of this empire lies Bornu, with its large capital town of Kuka, on the western side of Lake Chad. These countries are much more civilized than those on the coast, for the Mohammedan religion does that much for the heathen negro. It raises him to a higher state of civilization, and makes him proud of himself, without any great interference with his human passions and fallen nature. Above all, it does not interfere with polygamy, nor the holding of slaves, and therefore it is not surprising that it has spread so rapidly through Africa and continues to do so. It has developed a very powerful organization, and looks upon the conquest and subjugation of heathen tribes as a good work and a means of obtaining slaves. So altogether the African though materially improved by Mahomedanism in the natural man, becomes an almost impossible subject for conversion to Christianity. The Mohammedan tribes in the central Soudan are industrious in their habits. They till the land which is most fruitful, and are skilled in many of their arts of life, and cannot be regarded as savages, though addicted to many practices looked upon by us as barbarous. They are excellent traders, and altogether they are more satisfactory for the European trader to deal with than the heathen savage tribes on the coast.

It therefore was not surprising that the United African Company should have rapidly extended its operations and increased its profits. It was also natural that others should be attracted to the river in order to compete with the company in obtaining a share of the lucrative trade which had been opened up and developed by it. Two French firms started business, as well as another from Manchester, and erected rival factories at various points along the banks. This had the usual effect on African trade, which is very profitable until rivalry and competition lessens the profits by each firm underselling the other, and seeking to obtain most produce by giving a higher price for it than his neighbours.

This led the directors of the United African Company to form the plan of developing a large and powerful Company which should drive away or absorb all rivals, and become a governing

trading power in the whole of the Niger and Binué countries. Their Company had dealt with the natives in a way that spread its good name far into the interior, and messages came from distant countries inviting trade with them. Among these were Timbuktoo and Sokotoo on the Upper Niger, besides those on the Binué and in the neighbourhood of Lake Chad. The Company possessed stations as far up the Niger as Rabba, besides one called Loko, some miles up the Binué. It also possessed steamers of light draft which performed the carrying trade on the river. But its resources were unequal to meeting the immense extension and development of trade which presented itself. At the same time public attention was being rapidly drawn towards Africa, especially after Stanley's discoveries, and it was evident that if something was not done, others would step in, and the chance be lost to the Company and to England, for the Government would not move in the matter.

It was therefore determined to develope, or rather to merge the Company into a much larger organization, which should absorb and regulate the trade of the entire Niger-Binué district. This was carried out in 1882 by the formation of the National African Company, with Lord Aberdare, Chairman of the Royal Geographical Society, as its Chairman.

The success of the new Company was immediate and great. New stations were opened on the Niger, and for a much further distance up the Binué to an important town called Yola, a point far beyond any that had hitherto been reached. New steamers were built and the staff enlarged. The consequence was that the rival companies were unable to continue in opposition, and the Manchester firm and one of the French companies succumbed. The other French company surrendered so far as to consent to be absorbed into the English Company on the terms allowed by the latter. At the same time the National African Company made treaties with all the tribes on each branch of the Lower Niger conveying to it the entire sovereign rights of commerce that these tribes possessed.

It was at this critical time of Niger history that the great "scramble for Africa" took place among the nations of Europe. The Congo State made that river a subject of contention among them, and Germany suddenly began to "annex" in various directions. England for some time had kept to the policy of refusing to enlarge her West African possessions or responsibilities. But this "scramble" forced her to change this policy

and to lay claim to all she could. At once the Niger became of immense importance. From the first it had been explored and opened up almost entirely by Englishmen; but no Government would ever hear of adding it, or even the coast-line of its Delta to the British possessions. Consular authority was all that was ever permitted, and therefore, although the Niger was practically a British river, in reality it was not a British possession or even a protectorate, and therefore it lay open to the "scramble."

The Germans showed great anxiety to get a footing in the river, and to share equally in all that England had done there. France had already attempted to do so, but had lost its hold. The English Government was hampered by its former refusals to assert any dominion in those parts. Then came the Berlin Conference, called into existence for the purpose of settling who was to have what in Africa. And here it was that the power and influence of the great English Company on the Niger was felt. That Company had just succeeded in obtaining sole possession of the trade of the whole Niger-Binué district, and was in possession of more than a hundred treaties with the tribes there, and was making more with those on the Binué. This organization it was which alone enabled the British Government to proclaim a Protectorate over the Lower Niger before the Conference met. In short, it saved the Niger to England. A great effort was made by Germany and France to get the Niger basin, which would include the adjacent countries as well as the river, put on the same footing and under the same treaties as the Congo basin. But thanks to the National African Company, which at the request of the Foreign Office was ably represented at Berlin during the Conference, the Ambassador of Great Britain was successful in upholding the Niger and its adjacent countries to be a British Protectorate.

This places it within the reach of the British Government to establish a powerful organization and large commercial intercourse throughout a vast and important portion of Africa, reaching from the mouth of the Niger up to Timbuktoo in the north, and eastwards, north of the Binué to Lake Chad. Unfortunately, however, the great success at Berlin has not been followed up, and the Protectorate proclaimed by the Government eighteen months ago remains only in proclamation. No Government or authority has yet been established, and the National African Company has been left to uphold the rights

of Great Britain to its own great detriment as a commercial body. The troubles in Egypt, and political changes and difficulties at home, have led to the neglect of this splendid opportunity of forming an empire in Africa, which before long may rival our Indian Empire in Asia. The Foreign Office has endeavoured to formulate a scheme of Government for the young Protectorate, but political uncertainties at home sadly interfere with Great Britain grasping and retaining the prize presented to her on the banks of the Niger, a prize which is the crowning result of the bravery, toils, and death of so many of her children during the present century. If this prize is not secured in time it will most certainly be grasped by Germany or France, as each of these countries is carefully watching for an opportunity to break down the hold which England possesses on this coveted river, and so share in what should belong to England only.

There is another question respecting these countries and their future, which is of far greater interest to Catholics than their temporal government and prosperity; and that is, What religion is to prevail there? Is the Catholic Church endeavouring to grasp the prize which is now thrown open to missionary effort?

I fear it must be said that so far as present prospects and appearances go, either Mahommedanism or the Protestant sects will secure the prize; or at all events, will do sufficient mischief to make it much more difficult to form anything like real Christians out of these poor heathens. But this is too large and important a subject to enter upon at the end of this article, and I hope to do so more fully in another number.

JAMES MARSHALL.



### *St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp.*

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THERE are few incidents in ecclesiastical history more touching than that which concerns St. Ignatius the Martyr, traditionally the second successor of St. Peter in the see of Antioch. Condemned to die for the faith, he is carried from Antioch to Rome in order that he may feed the wild beasts and satisfy the scarcely less savage tastes of the imperial people in the Flavian Amphitheatre, or let us rather say in his own beautiful words, "carried from sunrise to sunset" in order that he may "set to the world and rise to God." He is guarded by a maniple of ten soldiers, whom he calls "leopards" on account of the cruelty of the treatment he experiences at their hands, and carried through Asia Minor to Smyrna, from Smyrna to Troas, thence across the Ægean to Philippi in Macedonia, and finally to Rome.

At Smyrna he finds Christian brethren to support his courage with their affectionate sympathy, and above all he is consoled by a meeting with St. Polycarp, the Bishop of that Church, a man who, like himself, though far younger in age, had been privileged to receive his Christian teaching from the lips of the Apostles. It is not the brethren at Smyrna alone who gather round him. Delegates hasten in from the neighbouring cities of Ephesus, Magnesia, and Tralles, bearing the greeting of these Churches which had become apprised of his arrival. To each salutation he at once responds in letters, in which in burning words of exhortation he bids them keep clear from the contamination of the prevalent heresies, and to see the surest preservative for their faith in strict union under the obedience of their appointed pastors.

On leaving Smyrna he is accompanied by some of the brethren, and he seems to have been soon overtaken by messengers from his own Church at Antioch, who had hastened after him with the news that the sword of persecution had at last been sheathed and peace restored in that region. This supplies him with a further reason for correspondence, and before



he embarks from Troas for Neapolis, the port of Philippi, he contrives to pen three other letters, one for the Smyrnæans and another for their bishop, Polycarp, and yet another to the brethren of Philadelphia, a city lying inland to the east of Smyrna, which he speaks of having recently visited.

In these he expresses a desire that delegates may be sent by the Asiatic Churches to the Antiochenes to congratulate them on their deliverance. He also continues his former theme, and recommends with the same earnestness loyal obedience to the Bishop as the only sure means of avoiding the contamination of false doctrine. There was also another letter, couched in a different strain, which he wrote while yet at Smyrna, and despatched by some of his Ephesian visitors to the Church at Rome. This document is of a more personal character, and reveals to us the ardent desire for martyrdom which burnt in his heart. It appears from his language that he believed the Roman brethren to be endeavouring, through the influence at Court of some of their body, to obtain his release from the impending danger. He is distressed beyond measure at the possibility of losing the prize on which his heart is set, and he pours out his whole soul in ardent entreaties that he may not be robbed of his crown. One more glimpse we get of the Saint on his road. The Philippians, through whose city he was taken after crossing the Ægean, hearing of these precious letters, wrote to St. Polycarp for copies, and thus became the means of eliciting from him a letter in reply, in which he speaks of having done their bidding, and begs for further news of St. Ignatius. This further news has not come down to us in a reliable form, but it is certain that the martyrdom took place. Its date can only be proximately determined. It could not well have been later than A.D. 118, and probably occurred about 107 or 108. About half a century later, St. Polycarp himself received the same coveted distinction in his own city of Smyrna, and a letter which professes to have been written by eye-witnesses, gives us a graphic and touching account of the circumstances. Fifty years later St. Irenæus of Gaul writes to a former companion, Florinus, who had since relapsed into heresy, and endeavours to recall him to orthodoxy by reminding him of the days of youth which they had both spent together at the feet of St. Polycarp, and from this passage we get another graphic picture of the Saint in his old age, in the midst of his people faithfully delivering to them the instructions concerning our Lord which he had himself received from the Apostles.

Such is the extent of our information concerning these two great personalities of the first half of the second century—Ignatius and Polycarp. We could have wished for more, but we have enough to enable us to form a clear conception of the sub-Apostolic age, of its tone and spirit, and to a large extent of its doctrines and institutions.

But are the documents trustworthy out of which this beautiful history is constructed? No one has ventured to deny that portion of the story for which we have the testimony of St. Irenæus. But the genuineness of the remaining documents, of the seven letters of St. Ignatius, of that of St. Polycarp to the Philippians, and in a less degree of the letter of the Smyrnæans to the Philomelians, has been fiercely contested ever since the sixteenth century. It has not been a battle of purely literary interest, for the maintenance of important points of doctrine hinge on its solution. In the other literature of the sub-Apostolic age there is an uncertainty of statement as to ecclesiastical arrangements which lends itself (if unscientifically handled) to a construction favourable to Presbyterianism. But the letters of St. Ignatius, if genuine, exhibit, at a time when the Apostles had only just ceased to live, a fully developed hierarchy of bishops, priests, and deacons; nor is there any duty on which the writer dwells with more insistence than on that of rendering loyal obedience to the Bishop. "We ought to regard the Bishop as the Lord Himself."<sup>1</sup> "Wherever the Bishop may appear, there let the people be."<sup>2</sup> "Give heed to your Bishop that God may give heed to you."<sup>3</sup> "He that honoureth the Bishop is honoured of God: he that doeth anything without the knowledge of the Bishop serveth the devil,"<sup>4</sup> and so on in cases innumerable. For those, therefore, whether Catholics or Protestants, who maintained the Apostolic origin of the hierarchical system, it became a matter of importance to sustain if possible, and for the defenders of Presbyterianism it was a matter of vital necessity to reject the genuineness of the letters.

In more recent times the extreme sceptical school of biblical critics have found it necessary, for the maintenance of the position to which they are committed, to reject the letters as spurious. In the prosecution of their determination to discredit the Scriptural witness to the true characters of Christianity and of its Divine Author, they have found themselves driven to

<sup>1</sup> *Ephes.* 6.<sup>2</sup> *Smyrn.* 8.<sup>3</sup> *Polyc.* 6.<sup>4</sup> *Smyrn.* 9.

attribute the composition of the Gospels and the greater part of the New Testament to the second century; since thus only could they obtain sufficient margin for immediate testimony to disappear and legend to accumulate. To render in any degree credible this theory of late composition, they have been obliged to invent out of false inferences from the Clementine Recognitions and a violent misinterpretation of certain passages in the New Testament, an historical theory according to which St. Paul, instead of teaching in harmony with the other disciples, was the first heresiarch. Thus, from the commencement, the Christian body was split into two rival parties. There was the Petrine or Judaizing party, which remained faithful to the original teachings of our Lord and refused to receive Gentile converts except on the understanding that they should observe the whole Jewish Law; and the Pauline party, which stood for the absolute abolition of the Jewish Law, and to which is really due the idea of a Catholic Church. These two factions, it is maintained, were animated by the most bitter hostility towards each other, a hostility which went on raging fiercely till some time after the death of the Apostles; and, in fact, did not die out till the second century was well advanced. By that time, however, a spirit of conciliation set in, which at length wrought concord out of the discordant elements. Then came a disposition to eradicate the traces of former antagonism, and a Canon of Sacred Books was drawn up, in which were placed in strange juxtaposition books originally written in the Petrine interest and directed against Paulinism, books originally written in the Pauline interest and directed against Petrinism, together with a third and more numerous class the outcome of the conciliatory efforts of the second century. A theory more at variance with the facts was perhaps never conceived, and it is only by impeaching the genuineness of whatever documentary evidence stands in its way, that it has been able to preserve even a semblance of verisimilitude. But, above all things, it was necessary to reject the letters of SS. Ignatius and Polycarp. St. Ignatius addresses himself to Churches amongst which St. Paul had once laboured, but which had recently fallen under the influence of St. John. In Asia Minor the supposed strife should have been at its hottest, and the period of conciliation have barely commenced. St. Polycarp was a leading spirit among these Churches, and must therefore have played a foremost part in the quarrel. Yet throughout the letters, whether of Ignatius

or Polycarp, there is not a trace of all this imagined antagonism. True St. Ignatius is earnest in his warnings against Judaism, but it is a Judaism which prevails only without the borders of the Church, a Judaism which finds so little sympathy with ecclesiastical writers trained in the school of St. John, that obedience to the Bishop is inculcated as the surest means of escaping its heretical infection. Both St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp reveal intimate acquaintance with and deep reverence for the writings equally of St. Paul and St. John, whose language they frequently incorporate into their text. St. Paul's name is more than once mentioned with veneration by these disciples of St. Peter and St. John, while St. Peter and St. Paul are classed together in the letter to the Romans. The incompatibility, in short, between the letters of Ignatius and Polycarp on the one hand, and Tübingen theories on the other is radical. If the letters of these saints preserved to us are genuine, the Tübingen theory must perish, and it is not therefore surprising that the writers of that school should have strained every nerve to discredit them.

What has been said is sufficient to indicate the importance of the problem, and I now proceed to give an outline of the evidence by which its solution must be determined. The Ignatian letters exist in three distinct Recensions, differing from one another in the more or less expanded form in which they exhibit the text. In view of this characteristic they are most conveniently designated the Longer, the Middle, and the Short Recensions. The Short Recension, which is often called the Syriac, because we have it only in a Syriac version, was discovered in a remarkable way by Archdeacon Tattam among some Nitrian MSS. in the year 1846, and is generally associated with the name of its first editor, Dr. Cureton. This Recension gives only three letters of St. Ignatius, those to St. Polycarp, to the Ephesians, and to the Romans. The Middle Recension was discovered much earlier by Archbishop Ussher in two MSS. of a Latin version, and shortly after in a Greek MSS. in the Medicean Library at Florence by Isaac Voss. It contains the seven letters of which I have spoken. The letters in this form are often called the Vossian Letters. Prior to this discovery the Longer Recension had for centuries been the only one in use. It contains, in addition to the seven letters mentioned, six others, three dating from Philippi and addressed to the Tarsians, to the Antiochenes, and to Heros who succeeded St. Ignatius in his see, another pur-

porting to be written at a still later stage of his journey and addressed to the Philippians; also a correspondence with one Mary of Cassobola which professes to belong to a time prior to his condemnation. The defence of the Longer Recension has now been abandoned by all. It is manifestly a largely interpolated paraphrase of the Middle form as far as the seven letters are concerned, and a clumsy imitation of the Saint's style as regards the other six. It is apparently the work of a forger of the fourth century.<sup>5</sup>

Since the discovery of the Curetonian letters it has been much disputed whether these should be considered an abstract of the Vossian, or whether they are not rather themselves the originals of which the Vossian letters are a subsequent expansion. For a time the tide seemed to flow mostly in favour of the priority of the Curetonian. They were thought to exhibit a text less charged with improbabilities than the Vossian. But since the publication of Zahn's *Ignatius von Antiochen*, some twelve years since, the tide has turned back, and now that Bishop Lightfoot's magnificent work has appeared, the question would seem to have been settled for ever in favour of the Vossian.<sup>6</sup> Bishop Lightfoot was at first disposed to give the preference to the Curetonian Letters, but he has since subjected the two Recensions to a most useful and exhaustive comparative examination in the light of the recently discovered relation of the Armenian to the Vossian text, and the result has been to prove conclusively that the Vossian text is throughout the work of the same hand, and the Curetonian an abstract or rather an extract from it. This is a most important point established, and marks an era in the Ignatian controversy. But it is not the only service that we owe to Bishop Lightfoot.

He has submitted the question of genuineness to a far more exhaustive discussion than it had previously received. His enormous erudition and his masculine power of argument has enabled him to shed a flood of fresh light in corners which

<sup>5</sup> Is it, however, necessary to accuse the interpolator of the moral delinquency which the name of forger involves? The relation of his text to that on which he builds is that of a paraphrase to its original. He tries to expand and develop, after the manner of a commentator. Intrinsic evidence compels us to regard the remaining six letters as pure fabrications, but may not even fabrication have had an innocent purpose? Is it impossible that the imitators should have wished merely to indulge in an innocent exercise? There does not seem to be sufficient reason for imputing to him an intention to palm off his handiwork as that of the Saint.

<sup>6</sup> *The Apostolic Fathers*. Part ii. St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Bishop of Durham. Three Vols. Macmillan and Co.

had hitherto been hopelessly dark, and the result has been a demonstration so crushing that it is hard to see how any dispassionate mind can resist its force. It ought no longer to be doubtful that the Vossian letters of St. Ignatius, the letter of St. Polycarp, and the Smyrnæan account of his martyrdom which have been preserved to us are genuine historical documents.

It would be impossible to do anything like justice to Bishop Lightfoot's arguments in the space at my disposal. Its value depends on the multitude of the threads out of which it is woven, and the minuteness of the details into which it descends.

It will be enough to give such an outline as will enable me to indicate the more important points on which he has laboured with signal success. The external evidence for the genuineness of the letters is exceptionally good. The letters of St. Ignatius are witnessed to by St. Polycarp in the letter written so shortly afterwards to the Philippians. This is the chief and sufficient external testimony in its favour. But there is besides a direct quotation in the works of St. Irenæus, and two others in the works of Origen. They are all from the epistle to the Romans, but, as internal evidence has conclusively established that the seven letters are by the same hand, that is enough. These quotations correspond *verbatim* with the Vossian text. There is perhaps some further evidence to be gathered from the probably allusive satire of the Pagan poet Lucian, who wrote in A.D. 165-170, that is, some sixty years after the date of the letters. So much for the Ignatian letters. As for that of St. Polycarp, it is warranted by the testimony of his pupil, St. Irenæus, and it is moreover so free from internal difficulties that it would never have been called in question had it not been that its testimony to the letters of St. Ignatius has linked its own fortunes with theirs. The epistle of the Smyrnæans, concerning the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, has not the same amount of external evidence in its favour, but it has enough, though it is of too complicated a nature to be described now. It professes to have been written shortly after the event by some eye-witnesses of the martyrdom, and is therefore either a trustworthy document or a deliberate imposture. It bears, however, on its surface all the marks of sincerity and stands the test of minute examination.

But while the two other letters offer little ground for attack on the score of adverse internal evidence, there is a good



deal in the letters of St. Ignatius which even well-inclined critics have found it difficult to credit. I must refuse to include in this category the "extravagance of language," in which the Saint gives utterance to his desire for martyrdom, and which certain critics have found inconceivable in an Apostolic Father. Such an impeachment could not come from a heart amenable to Christian influences, much less from one animated by the full spirit which made St. Paul exclaim: "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." Every Christian heart will recognize the language to be as appropriate as it is inspiring. Nor can I admit that it was even reasonable to dispute the authenticity of the letters on account of the witness they bear to the Apostolic origin of a monarchical episcopate. One can only wonder at the hardihood which could venture so to beg the question in the very face of the immemorial belief of the Catholic Church. To pronounce the term *leopard*, which the Saint applies to his keepers, to be an anachronism, is unworthy of consideration, and even had Bishop Lightfoot been able to show that the previously accepted reading, "Jesus Christ, who is His Eternal Logos which did not proceed from Silence," should be divested of its interpolations and run instead, "who proceeded from Silence," there would still be no sufficient ground for recognizing an evident allusion to the later heresy of the Valentinians. Either phrase can bear an orthodox sense, and either would sufficiently suit the context. But there were difficulties of greater moment. It seemed scarcely credible that an old man like Ignatius, instead of being executed in the place of his condemnation, should be taken a journey of many hundred miles to meet his fate in the Imperial City: or that, even if so sent, a guard of ten soldiers should be deputed to conduct him, and that nevertheless on his route he should be permitted to hold free intercourse with and write long letters to persons guilty of the very offence for which he was to suffer. There appears, too, to have been a special law which forbade the transference from province to province of those condemned to the arena, except when express leave had been obtained.<sup>7</sup> But Bishop Lightfoot has made it clear, that the enormous scale on which the gladiatorial shows were conducted in the Flavian Amphitheatre, especially during the reign of Trajan, must have necessitated continuous contributions of victims from all the provinces of the Empire in order to

<sup>7</sup> *Digest*, xlviii. 19, 31.



keep up with the demand. He shows, moreover, that the significance of the law referred to has been misconceived. The prohibition was to transfer from province to province, not from the provinces to Rome, since in fact its very purpose was to protect the paramount rights of the Roman people. The guard of ten may be assumed to have had other duties to fulfil besides the safe custody of their prisoner: probably they had commissions to discharge in the various towns through which they passed, and it is likely enough that they may have been deputed to pick up as they went along victims of the same sort as Ignatius.

Such a conjecture harmonizes excellently well with the mention of Zosimus and Rufus along with Ignatius in the passage of his letter to the Philippians, where Polycarp magnifies the example of these holy martyrs. Although at first blush there may seem something incredible in the freedom conceded by the soldiers to their victims, a slight acquaintance with early Christian history should have sufficed to show that it was in conformity with established usage. Indeed, the very fact of its mention is a proof of its credibility, even on the supposition that we have to do with the inventions of a forger. Ignatius was to the soldiers only a common fanatic, whose doings they could view with indifference. Provided he were duly delivered at the appointed time at the amphitheatre, no further inquiries would be made. If they could make a little money out of him by the way, it was a clear gain.

But a far greater difficulty arose from geographical considerations. Starting from an express statement of the Antiochene *Acta Martyrii*, it was assumed that the Saint reached Smyrna by sea from Seleucia, the port of Antioch. Were this the case, there would be no difficulty in understanding the letters to St. Polycarp and to the Smyrnæans, and even that to the Ephesians could be explained in some measure by supposing him to have touched previously at their port. But according to the correspondence, he has been met at Smyrna by deputations, not only from Ephesus, but also from the inland Churches of Magnesia and Tralles. The distance from Smyrna to Ephesus is over thirty miles. Magnesia lies some ten miles beyond, and Tralles some eighteen miles beyond that, so that for a messenger to go from Smyrna to these Churches in order to announce to them the Saint's arrival and afterwards for the delegations to return, would occupy more than a week, and it

does not seem credible that the guard should have consented to delay so long a time for the convenience of their prisoner. Nor is it more conceivable that the Churches should have acted on previously received information from Antioch of his approaching arrival, and have been able so to time their visit as to meet him at Smyrna on his landing. The difficulty becomes graver when we consider the case of the Philadelphians. In his letter written to this Church from Troas, he speaks of having visited them in prison. Yet Philadelphia lay some ninety miles inland to the east of Smyrna, and it is straining the probabilities of the case beyond all bounds to assume that he would have been permitted to visit a city which lay so distinctly outside his route. Cureton lays much stress on this reasoning, and concludes with great assurance for the spuriousness of all save the letters to Polycarp, the Ephesians and the Romans, which are not open to these objections, and which happen to be the only three in the Shorter Recension.

But all this elaborate difficulty, which has hitherto constituted the chief objection to the reception of the letters, disappears with the unfounded assumption on which it is based. Let us suppose that the party, instead of taking ship direct for Smyrna, landed either at Tarsus or Attalia on the southern coast, and from thence continued their journey by land. The particular route selected would probably be determined by the commission with which they were charged, but we may infer that at length they reached a spot near the junction of the Lycus with the Meander, whence the great highway running across Asia Minor from East to West bifurcates. From this point there were therefore alternative roads to Smyrna, and if they selected the more northerly, they would pass through Philadelphia. Meanwhile a messenger taking the southern road would pass in order through Tralles, Magnesia, and Ephesus, and could give information to the brethren of these Churches, whose delegations would hasten to accompany him to Smyrna, which they would reach about the same time as St. Ignatius. If we make this supposition as to the route adopted, all the conditions of the problem are satisfied. We understand now why in writing to the Philadelphians he makes allusion to his personal intercourse with them, whilst the Ephesians, Magnesians, and Trallians he professes to know only in their representatives. We understand how in the letter to the Romans<sup>8</sup> he can say that "not only the Churches through

<sup>8</sup> *Rom.* 9.

which he passed welcomed him (*i.e.* Philadelphia and Smyrna), but even those which lay out of his way according to the flesh, *went on before me from city to city* (Tralles, Magnesia, and Ephesus)." We understand how it was that the number of delegates from these Churches was in inverse proportion to their distance, which is just what would have been expected. We understand, too, why writing from Smyrna<sup>9</sup> he speaks of himself as travelling by "*land and sea.*" Yet at the same time these inferences, which point so unquestionably to the route we have supposed, do not lie upon the surface, but have to be collected by careful examination. This is not the procedure customary with a forger. Such an one cannot afford to bury the evidences of his consistency. At all events no forger of those days would have had the shrewdness to do so. We are entitled, therefore, to regard the completely satisfactory response of the letters to this simple test which it had not occurred to many generations of critics to apply, as an irrefragable argument in favour of their genuineness. It will be noticed, however, that by the recognition of their route for the journey across Asia Minor, the statement of the Antiochene Acts is convicted of error. Nor is it the only departure from truth which must be recognized in them. But whether these errors are sufficiently important to discredit the Acts, as a whole, is a further question into which I cannot now enter.

There is another most interesting argument by which Bishop Lightfoot is enabled to rectify previous misconceptions, and thereby remove a considerable difficulty which cast doubt upon the valuable facts recorded of the life of St. Polycarp by St. Irenæus, or at all events upon the beautiful Acts of his Martyrdom. It is far too delicate and complicated to epitomize, but I cannot consent to omit all mention of a chain of reasoning which constitutes perhaps the most remarkable feature in the book, and is a wonderful feat of critical skill. According to his pupil St. Irenæus, St. Polycarp was made Bishop of Smyrna by St. John the Apostle. The death of St. John cannot be pushed further forward than A.D. 100. The consecration must therefore have taken place before the first century had terminated. On the other hand, from the Letter of the Smyrnæans we learn that he was eighty-six years of age at the time of his martyrdom, for this is the only reasonable interpretation to put upon the phrase, "For eighty-six years I have been serving Him."<sup>10</sup> But Eusebius in his *Chronicon* has been understood to place the

<sup>9</sup> *Rom.* 5.<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* § 9.

martyrdom in the seventh year of M. Aurelius, that is, in A.D. 167, which, if he lived to be eighty-six, would make the Saint not twenty years of age at the time of his appointment to the bishopric. It seemed necessary, therefore, to impeach either the accuracy of the *Acta Martyrii*, which otherwise bear all the marks of genuineness, or else to discredit the statement of Irenæus and give up the pleasing and, if true, important historical fact of the intercourse between St. Polycarp and the Apostles. But Bishop Lightfoot has first pointed out that Eusebius had no intention to fix the martyrdom to a definite date, and that he was wrong even in placing it within the reign of Marcus Aurelius. He has next taken in hand the chronological postscript to the Letter of the Smyrnæans, which a grammatical comparison with the body of the document shows to be original. This postscript fixes the date of martyrdom very precisely to the high-priesthood of Philip, and the proconsulate of Statius Quadratus. It took place on the 2nd of Xanthicus, vii. kal. Martii, and on a great Sabbath. Here are five separate tests by which we can check our inferences. But hitherto, on account of our imperfect knowledge of the succession of the Asiatic Proconsuls and of the High Priests or Asiarchs, no thorough investigation was possible; whilst as far as the clue could be pursued, it did not appear to point to consistency. But our knowledge of these matters has been recently much enlarged by the investigations of M. Waddington and the explorations of Professor W. M. Ramsay, and Bishop Lightfoot's great erudition has enabled him to turn their results to excellent use. He discusses each of the five tests above mentioned with masterly skill, and deduces from them a consistent result, establishing, as I think, most conclusively, that the date of martyrdom was A.D. 155. This powerful argument should be read by all who take interest in such subjects. The date being thus determined, the difficulties previously felt disappear, and the testimonies of St. Irenæus and the Smyrnæans to the life of St. Polycarp are found to be in perfect harmony. The evidential value of this conclusion towards establishing the genuineness of the Letter of the Smyrnæans is manifest. A document which can stand so searching a test must be recognized as trustworthy.

Hitherto it has been my pleasing duty to record with admiration the results which Bishop Lightfoot has established. Two inferences, however, he gathers from the letters and claims as confirmatory evidence of genuineness, which if valid would

strike at the very roots of the Catholic position. These must receive a word of criticism from THE MONTH. The first of them refers to the Ignatian doctrine regarding episcopal government. Dr. Lightfoot holds it to be historically established by evidence independent of these letters, that although the hierarchical system of ecclesiastical government had been inaugurated in some regions, particularly in Asia Minor, as early as the Apostolic age, yet it was not till long afterwards that the doctrine of Apostolic Succession and its functions as the authentic depositary of tradition was received as an article of belief.

And this position, which he holds to be independently established, he finds confirmed by the idea of episcopacy presented in the Ignatian letters. The Bishop, where the episcopal form of government happens to prevail, is to be regarded as "the centre of order, the guarantee of unity in the Church. . . . But there is no indication that he (St. Ignatius) is upholding the episcopal against any other form of Church government, as for instance the presbyteral. Had he been writing to such a Church as the Philippians, he would, like St. Polycarp, have similarly inculcated obedience to the presbyters and deacons."<sup>11</sup> Dr. Lightfoot, in short, fully acknowledges the great stress which is laid upon the duty of obeying the Bishop; he acknowledges with somewhat of astonishment the superlative language in which the episcopal office is magnified, but he understands it to be exalted not because it is episcopal, but because it is the office of a ruler. And he believes that the presbyteral office would have been similarly magnified had the letters been written to a Church where it happened to be supreme. This last inference he draws from the Saint's silence. Had St. Ignatius believed in Apostolic Succession, it was a matter concerning which he could not have failed to give expression to his belief, since the doctrine would have been so pertinent to his subject. We may therefore conclude from his silence that this dogma had not yet been evolved, and was not in consequence a part of the faith once delivered. It is this inference which conflicts with Catholic claims, and I must take exception to it as unfounded. I am not sure how Bishop Lightfoot understands the dogma of Apostolic Succession and its function as the depositary of tradition. The Catholic teaching is this. The power of *order* must be distinguished from that of *jurisdiction*. Apostolic Succession as regards the power of Order involves its continuous transmission through an unbroken line of episcopally conse-

<sup>11</sup> Vol. i. pp. 381, seq.

crated Bishops, of whom the first must have been an Apostle. Apostolic Succession as regards Jurisdiction and the conservation of uncorrupted tradition is essentially connected with adherence to Catholic Unity, of which the centre is the Bishop of Rome. The See of Rome is, in the strict and dogmatic sense, the only Apostolic See. Other episcopal lines are within the Succession, and trustworthy guardians of tradition only in so far as they are united with this See by intercommunion. From these two points a third follows, viz., that episcopal government was designed by our Lord to be ordinary in the Church, but it by no means follows that it may not be provisionally dispensed with when circumstances require, still less that it must be at once inaugurated with the foundation of a new Christian centre.

After this explanation we may return to St. Ignatius and his age. - I am free to grant that there is no direct reference to the sacramental nature of the episcopal order. But why should there be? The letters are of a practical character, and are addressed to brethren whom he could assume to be sufficiently instructed concerning this underlying dogma. Indeed, whatever he may have held to be the principle on which episcopal government rests, it must be admitted that he treated it as too well understood by his readers to need further exposition. He is only concerned to start from the accepted fact that their pastors were the representatives of God towards them, and to build thereon a fervent appeal to be faithful to that duty of obedience which his readers acknowledged as incumbent upon them. A similar silence might and may be often witnessed now in sermons inculcating the duty of obedience to pastors. On the other hand, may not the singularly exalted language employed to commend the episcopal office be fairly taken as an indirect and implicit recognition of its sacramental character? Certainly, whilst to us who believe in this dogma the language sounds most becoming and beautiful, those who deny it find themselves bound to apologize for its extravagance.<sup>12</sup> Nor, again, can I see anything significant in the silence of the Saint as to the function of the Apostolic Succession in handing down tradition. It was sufficient to remind them that union with their existing pastors was the only safe way of preserving themselves from the infection of the heresies by which they were surrounded. And this he insists upon with all possible earnestness.

<sup>12</sup> See Lightfoot, *Essay on The Christian Ministry*, p. 235.



Whether it can be gathered from St. Polycarp's letter that episcopal government had not been introduced among the Philippians, in other words, that "the hierarchy had not yet been established" there, is a question into which I cannot enter now. It is a question of no dogmatic importance. But when Dr. Lightfoot places in contrast the persistent exaltation of the episcopal office in the letters addressed to the Asiatic Churches with the absolute silence as to the same office in the letter to the Romans, and finds this contrast so significant that he can only infer from it the non-existence of the office (that is, of *monarchical* episcopacy) at Rome, I am compelled again to join issue. Whether episcopal government was instituted or not as far back as the Apostolic age at Corinth or Philippi, is for us a matter of purely historic interest; but its establishment from the first at Rome is essentially involved in the doctrine of the Roman Primacy. I do not put this consideration forward as a reason in itself for denying the inference. But it shows how necessary it is to test its soundness carefully. But the inference appears to me so unfounded that I cannot imagine how it could be propounded. In the letters to the Asiatic Churches the reference to their Bishops arises with perfect ease out of the circumstances under which they were written. The Saint is writing to those whom he is to see no more: he is writing to them in his quality of an old man, of an experienced ruler of the Church, of a destined martyr; and he would address to them some parting words of earnest counsel. He can think of none more pertinent to their peculiar circumstances than the duty of loyal obedience to their pastors as the true means of preserving the purity of their faith. This theme necessitates the frequent mention of Bishops. But it should be noticed that the mention is principally confined to the body of the letters. It occurs only once, and incidentally, in the initial ascription, and but once or twice among salutations and in similar personal references. But when he writes to the Romans, the circumstances are completely changed. He is now addressing a distant Church with whose members he may very well not have had such intimate personal relations as would suggest a special remembrance. He is addressing no longer brethren whom he has left, but brethren whom he is about to see. Nor is there anything in the subject-matter of his choice to require such a reference. He is no longer exhorting. He is merely preferring an earnest petition to a Church, some of whose brethren appear

to have had powerful influence with the civil authorities, in order to prevent their well-intentioned but unacceptable charity from striving for the revocation of his sentence, which condemned him to the arena.

There was nothing whatever in this theme which needed to elicit a reference to the Roman Bishop. And it follows that the absence of any such mention is a fact entirely devoid of significance, and hence affords no basis to the inference which has been gathered from it. While, however, there is nothing in this letter to imply the non-existence at that time of a Bishop of Rome, there is much which points, not only to his existence, but even to the prerogatives of his office. To the Asiatic brethren St. Ignatius speaks as a superior: their Bishops, to use Cardinal Newman's happy phrase, he "takes under his wing." But to the Romans he is all deference and veneration. The thought of that glorious Church fills him with the profoundest reverence, and he pours forth a rich profusion of superlatives to express his admiration of their exalted condition. He is filled with the profoundest self-abasement at the prospect of seeing "their godly faces," and while he is most anxious that they should not deprive him of his expected crown, he still seems almost to recognize their right to do even this, if to their superior wisdom it should seem right. And besides these general characteristics, there is the well-known phrase in the introductory ascription, *ἡτις καὶ προκίθεται ἐν τόπῳ χωρίου Ῥωμαίων*—"Which also presides in the place of the region of the Romans." Bishop Lightfoot would interpret this phrase as meaning merely, "the Church which is pre-eminent among the Churches of those parts." But I think it can be shown that the words mean a good deal more than this. *Προκίθεται* means "preside" or "is pre-eminent." But over whom, or among whom? The answer depends on the sense which we attach to the following words, *ἐν τόπῳ χωρίου Ῥωμαίων*. Do they designate the territory over which the presidency extends, within which pre-eminence is ascribed, or the locality of the presiding or pre-eminent Church. It seems far more natural to understand them as denoting the locality of the Church. For in each of the other letters, the locality of the Church is stated, and stated in this form, all but the pleonasm. And, although it would be possible to express the limits over which superiority extended indirectly by this construction, it is less likely and opposed to the usage of the writer himself, as is witnessed by the clause which almost imme-

diately follows, προκαθήμενη τῆς ἀγάπης. Moreover, the phrase ἐν τόπῳ χωρίου Ῥωμαίων, seems to mean "in the principal city of the territory inhabited by the Romans," χῶριον Ῥωμαίων being a natural phrase in the mouth of a provincial to designate the home of the great people who went forth to rule in so many subject lands, and denominating either Italy or Latium in a loose way, comprising something more however than the mere City of Rome; τόπῳ denoting the principal place within the χῶριον. This exposition commends itself to Cureton, who recognizes it as an Aramaism. Lightfoot also, if I understand him, approves. But if so the clause must be local, and mean "the Church which presides in Rome," and, as no limits are assigned, the rule is *universal*—it is *the ruling Church*. We have yet further evidence that this is the real sense. The designation "presiding over love," which almost immediately follows, refers back to our clause. It is the Church "which presides in love as it presides in rank." But such a juxtaposition implies that in both terms of the comparison there is the same extension. It is the equal extension of the presidency of love with the presidency of rank or jurisdiction which is asserted. Now by the presidency in love is undoubtedly meant the great charity which the Romans were wont to show, the generous assistance they were wont to send, to the suffering Christians in every land. Thus Dionysius of Corinth writes sixty years later about them: "For this practice has prevailed with you from the beginning, to do good to all the brethren in every way, and to send contributions to many churches in every city."<sup>13</sup> The territory over which their charity reigned was the wide world. Such therefore is the asserted extension of their superiority of jurisdiction or rank. There is yet another passage towards the end of the letter which points the same way. In chapter ix. he says to the Roman Church: "Remember in your prayers the Church in Syria, seeing that in my stead it (now) has God alone for its Bishop: only Jesus Christ and *your love* will be its Bishop." Thus beyond the invisible rule of our Lord, only the love of the Roman Church is left on earth to exercise episcopal care over the Church at Antioch, now rest of its own pastor. It is just conceivable that this might be a complimentary phrase, and mean merely to say, "you must watch over it by your prayers." But if so, the word *only* seems out of place. On the other hand, if we may understand a reference to the supreme

<sup>13</sup> St. Eusebium, *H. E.* iv. 23.

pastorate of the Roman Church, the expression is most happily conceived. It is sometimes assumed as decisively showing that St. Ignatius had no idea of the Roman Primacy, that the subject to which all these distinctions are ascribed is the *Church*, and not the *Bishop* of Rome. But although the authority belongs formally (*formaliter*) to the Bishop, it resides radically in his Church. The Bishop is endowed with such authority, because he is Bishop of such a Church. Hence, especially in the relations of the Bishop of a primatial see with the extern Churches which fall under his jurisdiction, it comes quite natural to attribute, by metonymy, the exercise of such jurisdiction to the Church rather than to the person of the Bishop. Thus, to take an instance that comes to hand, St. Thomas of Canterbury appeals from the King's usurpations to the Church of Rome.<sup>14</sup> Of course he meant to say the Bishop of Rome. Nor is it at all incompatible with this interpretation of the phrase, that in our letter, not only the Bishop, but apparently the whole body of the brethren is addressed. They are not viewed as a mere multitude, but as an organized body, under the rule of their pastors and bishops. His actions are in a manner theirs, since he rules in his condition as the Bishop of their Church, and their actions are in a manner his, when they act in their corporate capacity.<sup>15</sup> So then the letter to the Romans, although it may not expressly assert the existence of a Roman Bishop, asserts what involves it, and with it a great deal more, since it recognizes in their Church a superiority over all the other Churches of Christendom, and is at a loss for terms sufficient to declare its exalted character. And this interpretation of its language is moreover the only interpretation which is consistent with what we know from these fuller records to have been the faith of the succeeding generations. St. Irenæus and Tertullian are so confident that episcopacy was of Apostolic origin at Rome, that they are not afraid to recite the names of those who had successively occupied the Papal Chair. They do not put forward the Catalogue as a matter of personal knowledge which they are communicating to the world. They treat it as a public fact which every one is aware of or can ascertain, and which

<sup>14</sup> *Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury.* By Father Morris, p. 135.

<sup>15</sup> The heading of the epistle undoubtedly written by St. Clement to the Corinthians, but professing to come from the "Church of Rome," is to be understood in a similar manner. Writers who refuse to recognize this, forget that it is quite without analogy in ecclesiastical history for one congregation of Christians to claim authority over another.

even heretical pertinacity cannot venture to impugn. And the credit of their statement is not destroyed because we are not able to determine its ambiguity concerning the relative priority of the three first names on the list. Nor can it be doubted that the episcopate to whose Apostolic origin they bear such confident witness is a monarchical episcopate. Had they meant anything else, they must have qualified their statement, since monarchical episcopacy was the only kind to which the name, at that time at all events, was applied. Consider, too, how much is involved in Tertullian's celebrated challenge, "Run over the Apostolic Churches, in which the very *chairs* of the Apostles to this very day preside in their own places (*suis locis præsent*). . . . If thou art in Italy thou hast Rome," &c.,<sup>16</sup> for, after De Rossi's investigations, it can no longer be doubted that the reference is to the visible material chair which the Apostolic founder of the Churches had first used, and which was retained and used as the abiding symbol of the episcopal authority which he had instituted. As for the special prerogatives of the See, the Popes of the second and third centuries certainly claimed jurisdiction over the Universal Church, for St. Victor exercised it against the Quartodecimans, St. Zephyrinus or St. Callistus against Tertullian, St. Stephen against the Rebaptizers. And they based their claims, not on the civil importance of their city, but on its selection by St. Peter to continue his Apostolic office, for this we learn from St. Cyprian, St. Firmilian, and Tertullian. We are invited to regard this claim as an attempted usurpation which the Church resisted, and to condemn its arrogance. But there is no evidence of the resistance except on the part of those whose action it condemned, and from them only in the hour of their vexation. Certainly in each of the well-known cases I have cited, the matter was of prime importance and needed intervention; in each case the Popes were in the right, and in each case they carried the day. This looks as if their claim was acknowledged by the Church. Moreover, we find St. Irenæus, the great writer of his day, propounding it in a well-known passage, whilst even St. Cyprian, if we take him at a time when he is not irritated by the condemnation of a practice which seemed to him orthodox, most clearly enunciates the principle on which the claim was based. Now it seems morally impossible for a claim like this to be not only put forward, but receive such a widespread acknowledgment, unless it could point back to a

<sup>16</sup> Tom. ii. *De Præscript.* n. 36.

persistent assertion which had been made and recognized ever since the days of St. Peter. Viewed in the light of these considerations, the language of St. Ignatius is susceptible only of the interpretation which I have proposed.

I must not conclude without giving expression to the gratitude which Catholics, in common with all others interested in the defence of the Christian revelation, owe to Bishop Lightfoot for this noble work. Just at the time when his masterly exposure of the charlatanism of *Supernatural Religion* had caused a wider circle to realize how perfect was his acquaintance with the problems of Biblical criticism and how great his gift of solid reasoning, he was transferred to a new sphere of work which must leave him little leisure for his special studies. Anglicans were not alone in the concern they felt lest the change should deprive them of the further results which they had been led to expect. It seems that his administrative duties have had a retarding influence on the publication of the present work, but happily they have not prevented it from at last appearing. And a grand work it is. It is a true Corpus Ignatianum (et Polycarpianum) in a sense in which Cureton's never was. In its criticism of the manuscripts, its settlement of the text, its annotations, and, above all, its discussions of difficult questions, it marks a distinct advance on anything previously given to the world. There is not an obscure or controverted point which does not receive the most thorough discussion, and after often leading the reader long and intricate journeys through the most varied and unexpected fields of erudition, the discussions seldom fail to conduct him to most satisfactory results. Indeed one is almost tempted to fear lest the excessive wealth of argument with which the conclusions are established, should tend to encourage the unfortunate disposition of the modern mind not to yield assent save to evidence which is absolutely crushing. However, it is better to have all we can in support of a position of so much interest and importance. If this were the only service Bishop Lightfoot had been able to render to the cause, it would be sufficient to merit for him no small gratitude from Christian students.

SYDNEY F. SMITH.



### *The Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo.*

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THE name of this Venerable servant of God is little known amongst us in England ; yet in Piedmont, which was his native country, his life, during the first half of this century was a real reproduction of that of St. Vincent of Paul, towards whom he had early conceived the utmost veneration ; so that we think some details of his history will not be uninteresting to our readers.

He was born in the old city of Brā in Piedmont on May 3, 1786, of a respectable, though not a very rich, family, but one which was universally esteemed and respected. Both his father and mother were noted for their piety and charity. His mother especially, was devoted to the poor and when he could scarcely walk, would take him with her to visit them and give her alms by the hands of her little child, saying to him : "Remember the poor are our brothers and it is a great honour to be allowed to serve and help them." These words and the example of her daily life made a profound impression on the boy. It is related that one day when he was only five years old, he got hold of a ball of string and began carefully measuring the length and breadth of each room in his home. "What are you doing?" asked his mother. "I am trying to find out how many beds this house will hold," replied the child, "for when I am grown up, I hope to fill it all with the sick poor."

Close to Brā is a famous sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin called Our Lady of the Flowers, where there is a kind of wild rose, which blossoms regularly three times a year, and has done so for the last five centuries. This spot was a favourite pilgrimage of the Cottolengo family and hence arose the little Joseph's tender devotion to our Lady. He was very quick-tempered as a child, a fault which his mother was most careful to correct, so that like St. Francis of Sales, he became a model of gentleness and sweetness in after life. The Prior Amerano, who was Rector of the principal parish in Brā, had watched over

the boy from his birth, and finding him so pious and good, presented him for Confirmation when he was only eight years old, and gave him his First Communion when he was only nine. From that time till his death he was the director of this fervent soul and Joseph repaid his care with the tenderest respect and affection. It was now time for him to begin his studies : but in these he was, at first, singularly unsuccessful. With all his efforts and his conscientious perseverance, it seemed as if he could not learn like other boys. At last he resolved to address himself to St. Thomas Aquinas and implore his aid. His simple faith was marvellously rewarded ; and after a few months, to his own amazement as well as that of the masters, he found himself at the head of his class and able to master the most difficult subjects. When he was seventeen he felt he must begin to think of his future career, and with the approbation of his family decided on the ecclesiastical state. The Universities at that time being closed, he followed the Theological course of a certain Professor Ferrero, while another holy priest taught him philosophy. All seemed to prosper with his vocation, when his native country, having been annexed by Napoleon to France, he found himself drawn for the conscription and condemned to exchange his sacerdotal life for a military one. His family were in despair, his father offering any amount of money to obtain a substitute, but in vain. Providence, however, interfered at the last moment. A new organization had lately transferred Brā from the Turin to the Asti diocese. The Bishop of Asti, knowing Joseph's merit and dispositions, sent in a special petition for his exemption from military service, which, strange to say, was accepted by the authorities. It was, as Prior Amerano exclaimed, "A miracle of mercy." Soon after, Joseph entered the Asti Seminary and received minor orders in 1806 ; but it was not till 1811 that he was ordained priest, to the joy not only of his own family but of the whole town of Brā where he said his first Mass on the feast of the Blessed Trinity. His first ministerial work was at Corneigliano, where he was sent to assist an aged and infirm priest. Here he brought about a reform in the whole parish, every member of whom he persuaded to attend daily Mass, which he fixed at the hour most convenient for their work. "Don't think to lose time by giving half an hour of your day to God," he would say. "Your work will be better done, and more blessed when you put His service first and above every other." Whether in the pulpit,

the confessional, the schools, or the hospital, his influence was equally felt and his grateful people called him "the angel of the parish." But he soon found that this life of continual activity left him scarcely a moment for study or thought, so that after taking the advice of his Superiors, he resigned his parochial work and repaired to Turin, there to complete his theological studies at the University. After two years he took his doctor's degree, having passed a most brilliant examination, and then refusing several very flattering offers of lucrative and honourable positions, he returned quietly to his home and to his works of charity and sacerdotal zeal, waiting for the call of Divine Providence. In 1818, however, he found himself compelled to accept a canonry in a congregation at Turin called "*of the Corpus Domini*" to which he had been unanimously elected without his knowledge. His humility was frightened at it: "What can they want in the capital with a common piece of furniture like me?" he exclaimed. "I had much better have been left at Brâ to plant cabbages." But no sooner was he established in Turin, than his burning charity found ample scope for its exercise. Like all great cities, by the side of rich and sumptuous palaces, there was incredible misery, and especially among the sick poor. To them he devoted himself at once, going without fire and often without food to supply their needs, and when all his own resources were exhausted becoming a beggar for their sakes among his rich friends. The Oratorians of St. Philip Neri at Turin had then a very holy Superior, Father Michael Fontana. Cottolengo chose him for his confessor, and soon they became the greatest friends. Cottolengo even wished to join his Congregation, but Fontana after a month's earnest prayer, replied; "No, you are not to become an Oratorian, but to remain a simple Turin priest *because God wants to make use of you for a special work.*" This work was soon to be inaugurated and the following was the occasion which called it forth. Cottolengo had undertaken the visitation of the sick in the parish belonging to the *Corpus Domini* congregation and one night he was sent for to administer the last sacraments to a poor woman, who had come from Milan with her husband and three children, had been taken dangerously ill in her lodgings, and in spite of all their efforts, could not be received in any of the Turin hospitals on account of the existing regulations in each. Her death and the despair of the family made a profound impression on Cottolengo. How was it that there was no place

where such poor abandoned souls could be received? Full of this idea he went into the sacristy and told the sacristan to light up the altar of our Lady and to ring the bell. The sacristan objected that the hours of the services were over. "Never mind," exclaimed Cottolengo, "we must at once say some prayers to our Lady." At the sound of the bell people flocked in from all sides. Cottolengo said the Rosary, the Litany, and other prayers, imploring the assistants to join him with fervour for a particular intention. This was done, and Cottolengo, interiorly convinced that their prayers had been granted, returned joyously to the sacristy, exclaiming: "We have obtained the grace. May our Lord and His Blessed Mother be praised." He then gathered his congregation together and having told his story of the poor Milanese, he explained to them his purpose: how he wished to open a little hospital for such abandoned cases, how he meant to begin very humbly by taking one or two rooms only, which charity would help him to furnish; and that trusting in Providence, this might be the nucleus of a larger work. He spoke with such fire and eloquence that his hearers at once consented to his proposal, only stipulating that he himself should be the director and superior of the work. The very next day he began looking about for rooms and found some that would answer his purpose near the church; but the neighbours took fright at hearing they were to be used as a hospital and persuaded the proprietor to cancel the lease which Cottolengo had already drawn up and had signed. Not discouraged, he found another apartment, in what was called the *Arcade Rouge*, where by degrees he hired nine rooms; then he ordered four beds of a carpenter, which were paid for by a charitable lady, and he himself, with a man named Rolando, a baker, who had devoted himself to him, carried these beds on their shoulders to the new lodgings. Who could have guessed, from such humble beginnings, the magnificent establishment of which they were to be the seed?

On January 17, 1828, the two first patients were received, and very soon the house was full to overflowing. A most admirable man, Dr. Laurence Granetti, whom Cottolengo had often met in his visits among the poor, undertook the medical supervision of the little hospital; while Paul Anglesio, the court chemist, a most fervent Catholic, promised to supply all the required medicines gratuitously, provided his name were not divulged. A pious association called "of St. Paul," contributed a certain

sum to supply the actual necessities required; and a great friend of Cottolengo's, Chevalier Ferrero, came nobly forward to do the rest. The house was called *La Piccola Casa della Divina Provvidenza*—"The little house of Divine Providence;" and as it was on the feast of St. Antony that the hospital had been opened, the anniversary of that day was yearly kept with great solemnity and a *Te Deum* sung, while the preacher gave the history of its foundation. But it was not enough to have a doctor and a priest. Cottolengo soon found that nurses were required. Twelve pious women of the middle class then volunteered to act as infirmarians. Like St. Vincent of Paul, Cottolengo accepted them, calling them "Ladies of Charity." Then he obtained the help of a certain number of active and devoted men, whom he called, "Brothers of St. Vincent;" and found others (whom he named "Supplementaries") whom, when necessary, he employed to sit up at night with the sick. All this was very well for a provisional arrangement; but what he wanted, like St. Vincent of Paul, whom he had taken as his model, was a religious congregation of Sisters exclusively devoted to this work. St. Francis of Sales had found Madame de Chantal; St. Vincent of Paul Mademoiselle Legras; in the same way Cottolengo was to find a directress and foundress of his Sisters in the person of Madame Nasi Pullini, a widow, who since the death of her husband had been entirely devoted to good works. To her Cottolengo unfolded his plans, and met at once with a ready and hearty assent. A certain number of these nursing Sisters were to live in the hospital and the rest Madame Nasi Pullini undertook to lodge in her own house, where her old father, who lived with her, "would," she said, "be only too glad to help in this great work of charity."

On the 25th of November of that same year, 1830, the two first Sisters presented themselves, and their example was quickly followed by others; so that very soon Cottolengo found himself at the head of a flourishing community of forty Sisters, to whom he gave a blue habit with a white silver heart on which was inscribed the word *Charitas*. They were called Vincentines, but the poor people gave them the name of "the Sisters of Cottolengo."

In addition to their work in the hospital they were to assist the sick and dying in their own homes, to attend to the dispensary, to cook and wash, to mend the linen, and, in fact, do all that was required in the house. Cottolengo directed them himself

with the minutest care, and in order to bring a blessing on their work, he added an hour's adoration of the Blessed Sacrament to their rule, so that each Sister coming to pray in turn, the Sacred Host was never left alone from morning till night. But he was extremely careful of their health and never allowed them to over-fatigue themselves; while, if they fell ill, they were nursed with the tenderest care. All was going on admirably when a violent opposition arose from the canons of *Corpus Domini*, who, not having Cottolengo's faith in Divine Providence, became alarmed at his ever-increasing works and feared that bankruptcy would follow, the disgrace of which would fall upon them. At that time also the cholera had made its appearance, and the neighbours of the "little Hospital" became directly alarmed lest Cottolengo, in his charity, should allow any cholera patients to be admitted there. They addressed themselves in consequence to the Home Office, and the result was an order from the Government for the closing of the Hospital, addressed to the Rector of the Congregation, Valletti, who had always violently opposed Cottolengo's plans. Bitterly reproaching Cottolengo for the annoyance he had brought upon them, the letter of the Home Office was read out in presence of all his religious brethren. Cottolengo simply replied: "In my country it is always believed that to make vegetables grow well, one must transplant them. I will therefore transplant my hospital elsewhere." In the meantime he found places in various other hospitals for his sick, and those that preferred returning home were nursed by the Sisters, while he transformed the hospital into a house of refuge for young girls and a *crèche* for the babies of mothers out at work; so that his community had abundant occupation. After a time, the storm was appeased. Even his own brother, a Dominican, who had been one of the most violent in his denunciations of his *madness*, in undertaking such a work without any resources, was convinced that Cottolengo had learned wisdom from experience and would give up the idea. So far from it, Cottolengo was at that very moment maturing his future plans. Finding it impossible to get a house in the town, he went to a place called Valdocco, near the walls to the north-west of Turin, a little below the River Dora, which at that time was a solitary spot, with fields and gardens, and where on feast-days the population of the city used to come and amuse themselves at the one or two public-houses, which were almost the only buildings in that locality. Here Cottolengo found a



kind of outbuilding composed of two rooms and a stable for hay. Taking with him a friendly workman, he cleared out all the contents and with the help of a donkey and cart, brought there by degrees all the beds, linen, and furniture which had served for the hospital at the *Arcade Rouge*. There he installed two of his Sisters and presently brought in his first patient. Others quickly followed, so that the Sisters removed to the stable, rejoicing in that particular to imitate the Holy Family at Bethlehem. Dr. Granetti quickly came as before to visit the sick, and in this humble way the hospital was reopened and a work begun which became eventually the glory of Turin.

Cottolengo wished it to bear the same name as his first foundation: "the little house (or asylum) of Divine Providence under the auspices of St. Vincent of Paul" and he added the words, above the door, *Charitas Christi urget nos*. By degrees he bought up the public-houses and other buildings in the neighbourhood which had been the cause of great scandals and which were now transformed into cottage hospitals, in which he could accommodate a greater number of sick and incurable patients, and which he called by various names, such as "the House of Hope," "of Charity," "of Bethlehem," and the like. That Divine Providence in which he so entirely trusted, never failed him, and large sums were continually sent to him, often from unknown donors. One great sorrow came upon him in 1842, and that was the death of the pious widow, Madame Nasi Pullini, who died after only a few hours' illness, leaving her poor Sisterhood without their mother. But God supplied her place in the person of Madame Angela Massia, who was an intimate friend of Madame Nasi Pullini, and to whom she had imparted her spirit of charity and self-devotion. She became Cottolengo's right hand, and under her auspices the little community was removed to Valdocco, where they could be under his eye and in the midst of their work. The next thing Cottolengo undertook was the erection of a chapel, in which he received permission from the Archbishop to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. "My sick will now have instant help," he exclaimed, "besides the Presence of that Great God who deigned to become poor for us."

The "little asylum" was open at all hours for every species of illness. No one was refused as long as there was a corner where they could be received. "All are the Image of God," he would say, "and all shall be received in the Name, and for

the love, of God." When the sick arrived he would meet them at the door, hat in hand, welcoming them with the kindest and tenderest words. Then, after having said a "Hail Mary" with them before a statue of our Lady placed in the hall for that very object, he would give them over to the care of the Sisters, with every sort of recommendation as to their treatment. He did not seek to make his nuns in any way contemplative. "True religion amongst you," he would say, "consists, after Mass and having said your ordinary prayers, in devoting yourselves, body and soul to the care of the sick poor, conquering all natural repugnance or rebellions of nature. The more dirty, disgusting, and repulsive your patient is, the more you should see Jesus Christ Himself in his person." And so entirely did the Sisters enter into this spirit, that often when the bell rang, announcing a fresh arrival, they would cry out, "Jesus is calling us. Let us hasten to serve Him."

He insisted on their passing through a regular course of instruction in medicine and surgery as well as in the preparation of drugs for the dispensary; while he formed an association of young girls to be trained under the Sisters in cooking, baking, washing, and other household works; many of whom eventually entered the Vincentine Order. In spite of the almost overwhelming work which his hospital and new community entailed, he never neglected the poor outside. During the winter, he had great stoves put up in different quarters of the town where they could go and warm themselves, besides securing stables, where they could shelter from the snow and rain. In fact, there was no kind of physical suffering which he did not find some means of relieving. When his new hospital was completed he managed to divide off certain portions for incurables, for deformed people, for epileptics, for the blind, for idiots, for deaf mutes, and even for the insane. His powers of organization were as marvellous as his charity, and a well known French writer, who had visited his now gigantic establishments, exclaimed: "I have seen at Turin what does not exist in any other part of the known world. The 'little asylum' is the very encyclopædia of Catholic charity."

A baker, named Rolando, of whom we have before spoken, was his constant almoner for the relief of that hidden misery among people who have known better days, which is so often found in great towns; and it is certain that in many instances Cottolengo was supernaturally warned of their pressing needs,

which he would send his faithful messenger anonymously to relieve.

The blessing of God rested visibly on all his works; yet such was the multiplicity of his foundations, that the world naturally looked upon him as mad, or at least sadly wanting in ordinary prudence. Sometimes, in fact, he found himself in the morning with only a few pence to feed and maintain this great multitude of people. But instead of losing his courage or being anxious, he would exclaim: "Now I am delighted. Every one will see that it is not poor Cottolengo who maintains these works, but the good God alone." It is a fact that on no single occasion was his faith in Divine Providence disappointed. Money, food, wine, fuel, every imaginable want was supplied to his institutions, whenever, to all human appearance, they were hopelessly in want of everything. It would be too long to enumerate the countless instances of this fact. One remarkable thing about it all was that he never would allow any registers to be kept of the number of poor received in his hospital or of the gifts sent. The King, Charles Albert, sent one of his court on a certain day to see Cottolengo's establishments, who naturally asked, "how many patients there were?" Cottolengo replied simply: "There are two or three thousand, but we never count them. Once or twice when I have tried to do so, I have been stopped by a powerful though invisible force, and so I felt that it was contrary to God's will."

It is not to be imagined, however, that Cottolengo was not, at times, distressed beyond measure at the debts he had necessarily incurred, and at the complaints of his creditors. Many went so far as publicly to insult him, while others dragged him before the courts. But to all he gave the same answer—"that he had nothing, but that Divine Providence had never yet failed to supply his needs." And invariably the required sum arrived, and that from the most strange and unexpected quarters. The King, having received a full account of this from the Home Office, determined to give a legal existence to his establishment, and on August 27, 1833, the Decree was issued, leaving full liberty to Cottolengo to carry out his own plans without any interference from the Government or any one else. The King conceived the most unbounded esteem and veneration for him and reckoned him among his dearest friends. He bestowed upon him the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus to Cottolengo's great confusion, who, with difficulty,

was forced to accept it. Cottolengo's humility was so genuine that he never considered his gigantic works worth mentioning. "I am only a poor cobbler," he would say, "whom Divine Providence makes use of for its ends. When I am gone, there will be plenty of other workmen to take my place."

One would have thought that the "Noah's Ark," as he laughingly called his institution and in which he relieved so many human miseries, would have exhausted the energy of even so great a saint as Cottolengo. But his heart, which embraced all spiritual as well as temporal wants, was not satisfied. He resolved, therefore, to found various religious houses to meet the needs which he felt to be most pressing. The first was the monastery called "of Suffrages," where his older Sisters could rest after their labours and prepare themselves in silence and prayers for their last end. Their principal occupation would be to pray and suffer for the Holy Souls in Purgatory. And this was the first institution of the sort in Europe, being before the foundation in Paris of "Les Dames Auxiliatrices du Purgatoire." Having accomplished this, and with wonderful success, he started another foundation, called the Daughters of Compassion, whose business it was to imitate the holy women who followed Jesus to Calvary and to honour the Passion and Death of our Lord and the Sorrows of Mary. They added to this, perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Then a large farm having been given him by a certain Senator Roberi, he turned it into a hermitage for men, under the title of "Hermits of the Holy Rosary," who followed the Rule of St. Romuald and were occupied like the Trappists in the cultivation of the soil and the care of cattle. Soon after, he bought a place in the country as a sort of convalescent home for his sick and for his invalid Sisters. Then certain members of his Vincentine nuns wishing for a more austere and contemplative life, he opened another house, of which the rule was very much that of the Discalced Carmelites. Having been also implored to open a Refuge for Penitents, he bought another property at Gassins with the help of some rich and charitable Turin people; and placing these poor girls in it under the direction of five of his best contemplative Sisters, the Refuge was quickly filled. He placed it under the patronage of St. Thäis the great penitent, and hence these Sisters were called *Thäidines*. He had previously organized two other branches of his Vincentine Order, called the Daughters of

the Cross and the Daughters of the Divine Shepherd, whose business it was to instruct the sick both in and out of hospital, and to look after the linen and the material needs of the "Little Asylum." But one thing was still wanting and that was a Congregation of Secular Priests to look after the spiritual needs of the inmates of these many and vast establishments. This he was able to create in 1840, only a short time before his death, and they were called "Secular Priests of the Most Holy Trinity for the Service of the Poor."

By degrees the fame of his Vincentine Sisters became spread throughout the country and he received continual applications for their services and direction, whether in hospitals, schools, or other charities. He never accepted any of these offers without personally visiting the spot, and making every arrangement with the authorities, and then, if satisfied, would escort the Sisters himself to their new homes to see that all his conditions were fulfilled. In this way, in 1840, upwards of a hundred and twenty Sisters were thus employed; yet the numbers needed for the work of the hospital and the refuge never diminished. The departure of this or that group of Sisters was instantly followed by fresh vocations, so that Cottolengo felt that the blessing of God visibly rested on his large-hearted charity. He always insisted on their keeping to their rule; and if this were objected to by any of the priests or officers of the establishments where they had been sent, he quietly withdrew the Sisters, saying, "Their strength lies in their fidelity."

What is done purely for God has a totally different character from that which is done for this world. Cottolengo who wished above everything to remain unnoticed and to be forgotten, found himself suddenly the object of unmixed admiration and respect, not only in Italy, but in France and many other countries. First the Pope, Gregory the Sixteenth, sent him a Brief of praise and a special benediction, accompanied with a beautiful medal, which he hastened to sell, and distributed the money among the poor. Then the Society in Paris called *Montyon-Franklin*, which annually awards a prize to those who have been the most distinguished benefactors of mankind, selected Cottolengo one year for their highest decoration and sent it to the King, that it might have a double value as passing through his hands. Charles Albert confided the mission to the hereditary Prince, Victor Emmanuel, who consequently came to the hospital with a brilliant court and after reading the

magnificent eulogium of Cottolengo by the Society, added the expression of the King's happiness at having such a priest in his kingdom, and proceeded to hang the medal round his neck. Cottolengo, confused and vexed, as he was, yet managed to express in touching words his sense of their kindness, attributing the whole merit to Divine Providence and accepting the prize only as a testimony of the French feeling for St. Vincent of Paul, who was the patron of the Asylum and of whom he said "he was only a very humble imitator." When every one was gone he shut up the medal in its case and would not allow any one to see it. Only, as it was of great value, when he was in unusually straitened circumstances he would pledge it for his poor.

The chapel of the hospital having become much too small for the congregation, Cottolengo determined to build a church, which was quickly completed and dedicated to St. Vincent of Paul. Not satisfied with that, he undertook a new and extensive Hospital for Women, in spite of the contradictions of the police authorities, threats of imprisonment, and other difficulties. But as he had prophesied, all these obstacles were, one by one, removed, and the Marquis de Cavour coming himself to inspect the new buildings, not only annulled the sentence which had been pronounced against him, but sent him a magnificent present of wine, which he renewed yearly on the feast of St. Vincent of Paul.

Cottolengo's powers of organization in these multifarious works were something marvellous. There was no confusion, no irregularity, but perfect order and good management in every single department. He watched over every detail himself, inspected the food, the linen, everything, in fact. There was a Superior in each house and at the head of each department; but the Father General of them all was ubiquitous, watching over everything, regulating everything, and arriving at the most unexpected moments. But as he was always tender, loving and patient, his presence was ever welcome to his spiritual children.

It would be impossible in one article to give a detailed account of the virtues of Cottolengo; of his extraordinary faith, charity, humility and mortification; of the wonderful insight God had given him into the hearts of men; of the marvellous cures he effected both spiritual and temporal; of the daily miracles which he was permitted to effect; of



his ecstasies and supernatural conversations with our Lady and the saints. We must hasten on to describe his holy and happy death, of which he had a previous revelation. The typhoid fever had ravaged the "Little Asylum," and Cottolengo was among the sufferers. He could not recover his strength, and so made all his preparations to leave the hospital and retire to Chieri, where he had prepared a bed a long time ago in the house of his brother (a canon, by name Louis), who however had no idea that it was for his last agony. He had fixed April 21, 1842, for his departure, on the plea of accompanying four of his Vincentine Sisters, who were to be sent to the hospital at Chieri. But when the day came, he was so ill that all who saw him felt that the parting would be for ever in this world. His faithful friend, Dr. Granetti, accompanied him. For three days after his arrival at Chieri, he remained in solitude and prayer, his brother acting as his infirmarian. Dr. Granetti ordered him some good soup. Cottolengo obeyed, only saying with a smile; "It is years since I have tasted anything of the sort!" Sometimes he was delirious; but even then, only spoke of Heaven, of Paradise, of our Lady, and of his beloved sick and the "Little Asylum." He suffered very much, but never uttered a word of complaint. Often he would push aside the pillow and rest his head only on the iron bar of his bed, and when the nursing Sister reproached him, he would say: "Jesus died on the hard wood of the Cross and He suffered far more than I!" Towards the end, he dismissed all thoughts of or anxiety about his great works. He had appointed his successor and was confident that God would carry them on as He had done for so many years. But if he were silent on the things of earth, he was never weary of speaking of the goodness and mercy of God, of the wonders of His Divine Providence, and of the illimitable confidence we should place in our Lord. He received the last sacraments in the most fervent dispositions; but afterwards spoke hardly at all. Only his lips murmured continually ejaculatory prayers, and once the *Te Deum*. Often he smiled and his perfect calm deceived his nurses, who fancied him better. But Dr. Granetti felt his pulse and instantly knelt down and began the commendatory prayers. The dying saint without opening his eyes or moving, said softly: "My Mother Mary." Then raising his voice, repeated clearly the first verse of the 121st Psalm: *Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: in domum Domini ibimus!* and smiling once more, he expired without the slightest

agony or convulsion. This was on April 30, 1842, at eight o'clock in the evening, on the eve of that Month of Mary which he had always had such delight in celebrating. He was only fifty-five years of age; but the fatigues and austerities of his daily life had shortened his days.

The sorrow of the inmates of his many institutions and communities may be imagined, and it was shared by all the inhabitants of Turin from the King and the Archbishop down to the humblest of his poor. All disputed the honour of possessing his remains, but finally the King decided that his own wishes should be respected and that he should be interred in the Church of the "Little Asylum," under the altar of Our Lady of the Rosary, in the spot he had himself pointed out. The Pope, Gregory the Sixteenth, on hearing the sad news, exclaimed: "The town of Turin has lost a great saint!" A marble monument was erected in his honour by a famous sculptor, Bruneri, representing him receiving a sick old man into his hospital and pointing with his finger to heaven. The municipality called the street leading to the "Little Asylum" after him, "Via Cottolengo;" and in every way the whole population came forward to do him honour and especially to carry out his wishes by liberally assisting his charitable works.

Endless were the marvellous cures both of body and soul effected by his intercession after his death, so that the bishops of Piedmont determined to bring forward the cause of his canonization and after the usual forms, Pope Pius the Ninth signed the commission for that purpose (on July 19, 1877), declaring Joseph Benedict Cottolengo "Venerable" and giving leave for the further proceedings to be carried on in the usual manner. May his pious wishes be speedily realized and this "living miracle of charity," as the same Pope called him, be raised before long on our altars, there to continue his powerful protection towards the sick and needy, and to inspire in other souls a like heroic charity and devotion to the suffering members of Christ and a similar extraordinary faith in Divine Providence which may be called the key-note of his holy life.

MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

## *Education and School.*

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### PART THE SECOND.

IF the choice of subject matter is of prime importance in the work of education, the manner of using it is of more importance still; and if at the present day we seem to be in danger of making fatal mistakes as to the one, we are undoubtedly still more likely to make mistakes even more fundamental as to the other. I say that the method of employing the subject matter of education, whatever it be, is of more importance than the choice of matter itself. In point of fact there is scarce any branch of human knowledge which may not in competent hands serve the purpose of mind development, and so do educational work. Some branches of study may be apter instruments than others, but all are instruments and none are more than instruments. No species of knowledge is a philosopher's stone which will turn any sort of mental stuff which touches it into gold; nor is any course of mere knowledge acquisition a self-acting mint which will convert into current coin the rough ore passed through it.

No branch of knowledge and no mechanical course of instruction can do any such work. Classics, Mathematics, French, Science, any subject chosen as the medium of education, is a tool and only a tool, and needs a workman to handle it; and the workman's knowledge of his craft, not the nature of the tool itself, will chiefly affect the result. One subject matter of instruction may in itself be superior to another, as a plough is superior for agricultural purposes to a spade, and a spade to a hoc. But the ancient and primitive Caffir hoe itself in the hands of one who knew its use, would be better for practical purposes than the best patent plough used upside down. And in like manner the best educational instrument will be worthless in some hands, and in some the worst will do good work.

What sort of work should be done to be good work I have already said, but as all I am going to say turns wholly on this

point, it will be worth while to dwell upon it somewhat more at length. I have contended that the true work of education is not a quest for treasures abroad, but a development of home productiveness. It is no wise analogous to the operations of mining, or gold washing, or any other species of search for ready-made valuables *ab extra*. Rather it resembles that from which I have already sought an illustration, the culture of the soil. The real source of wealth for the owner of an allotment of mind is to turn it from a fallow into a garden. And the first thing to be done to bring about this result is to dig into it and turn it up. The old man in the fable had right notions who told his sons that here was a treasure hidden for them in their farm, which treasure they acquired by upheaving all its surface in search of what they supposed to be buried, making the land abundantly fertile in the process. Like this is assuredly the task of him who wishes not merely to instruct, but to educate. He must before all get his instrument below the surface of his pupil's mind. Unless he can succeed in doing this he will do nothing; whatever seeds he may attempt to sow will of necessity, like that which fell on the rock, wither away for lack of root. On the other hand, if he can succeed in getting his plough-share down, even though he plant nothing, he at least leaves the soil ready for planting. And by turning up the soil of a boy's mind I mean teaching him to think, to correlate his various scraps of information, and so to change them from mere information to sound knowledge. And this, as all who have made trial will testify, is precisely what it is hardest to do. To teach by rote is easy enough, as easy as it is futile. It is easy enough to make a show of mental riches by a process analogous to that which across the Atlantic is termed salting a mine. Ingenious promoters bring silver ore or gold dust from afar and scatter them over the surface of the soil which they wish to be considered metaliferous, and the land so treated has as much claim to be considered rich as has the mind which exhibits nothing but a collection of bits of knowledge which in no sense belong to it. And yet as a confiding public puts its money in the mine which the imported gold or silver induces it to credit, so does the same public too often assume that there must be something of substantial worth beneath, when it has presented to it a glittering show of knowledge on the surface, however superficial a little investigation would prove that knowledge to be.

It is easy enough, I say, to make a show of this sort. But

to produce *thought*, to throw the mind back on itself, to make it recognize its own mode of working, to get a boy intelligibly to define the simplest object he sees, or explain the simplest phrase he uses—this is a very different thing, and requires a far different amount of skill, of labour, and of time.

To begin with the last item. The work indicated is one which cannot by any possibility be done in a hurry. To succeed in schooling a mind we must have that from which schooling is named, *σχολή*—leisure. The teacher who sets himself to get at a young mind can no more do it with a rush than could a general carry Metz by a *coup de main*. He must reconnoitre and study his approaches, and feel his way, and not try to advance till he is sure of it. And every pupil's mind is different, and every teacher's mind too. Each man must work his problem for himself with his own particular boys. It is quite impossible to devise a receipt wherein various ingredients shall supplement one the other and produce a specific warranted effectual and of quick operation in every conceivable case—with an ounce of Arithmetic, a drachm of Geography, a pennyweight of History, a slice of French, a pinch of Latin, and a spice of Science, to compound a nostrum which, if swallowed whole, shall produce infallibly and at once a well constituted mind. And yet this would seem to be the idea, not only of more ordinary folk, but even of certain modern Universities. A large superficial area is demanded, and a large superficial area is the best if what we want is glitter; but the area must be limited if we are to have depth. For real training the subjects taught must be few, and the teacher must have his time well in hand to work them, to make instruments of them wherewith to set his pupils a-thinking. If the modern creed were not that the things learnt are by themselves and of themselves the important element, and not the mode of imparting them, how could there be the faith there is in education by primers, by handbooks, by compendiums? What can these do for the learner who begins and ends with them but salt the surface of his mind with an assortment of stones more or less showy and valuable. And what good can be done to the mind, except on the philosopher's stone theory of the transmuting effect of mere contact, if a language, say Latin, be "learnt" by the process of going over an author with a translation, spoken or written, till that version can be given word for word—while of the language, beyond the limits of the piece so prepared, nothing whatever is known?

Yet this, again, is a process not only gone through every day, but considered by many, who should be authorities, to deserve the rewards of successful study.

This theme is a tempting one, but as I do not wish to prolong my remarks upon it I shall confine myself to one typical example. A book came into my hands the other day, which, as it came with the publishers' compliments, should presumably in their opinion commend itself to the favourable judgment of schoolmasters. It is entitled *First Year of Scientific Knowledge*, and, although there is no preface, may therefore be assumed to represent the ground which a beginner ought to cover in a year. There are 346 pages, and in them the following subjects are treated :

ZOOLOGY	{	Vertebrates, <i>Mammalians. Birds. Reptiles. Amphibians.</i>
(82 pages)		<i>Fishes.</i>
	{	Invertebrates, <i>Annulates. Molluscs. Radiates.</i>
BOTANY (32 pages)		Structure of plants. Dicotyledons and Monocotyledons. Duration of life. Classification. Flowerless plants.
GEOLOGY (31 pages)		Stones. Stratification of Rocks. Fossils. Soils.
PHYSICS (87 pages)		Heat. Light. Sound. Electricity. Magnetism. Gravitation.
CHEMISTRY (40 pages)		Fundamentals. Composition of Water—of Air. Oxides. Acids. Salts.
ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY (56 pages).		
VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY (18 pages).		

The book is evidently intended for children, being written in the childish, I must add the absurd, form of a conversation between an imaginary teacher and an imaginary Paul and Henry. This form is itself evidence of the belief that the dead letter of such a book can take the place of a teacher and do the work of his living voice and mind.

And this brings me to another point. As the living voice and mind constitute the essential element in education which nothing can replace, any attempt to suppress the teacher's individuality, to make him into a machine, or to diminish his importance in favour of any other factor in the problem, must be disastrous. The teacher may be incompetent and may do his work badly—but no possible substitute for a teacher can do it at all. And in particular, inspections and examinations cannot do it. These will be good and useful so far as they help teaching, and no farther. They will be useless and mis-



chievous if they supersede the teacher in his own domain. Yet this may happen, and does happen, in many ways.

In the first place, the matter for examination is often such that a class can be got through it only *magnis itineribus*, by forced marches. The first and constant thought of both teachers and taught has to be not about the objects of beauty, interest, or instruction which they pass, but about the mile-stones, which tell whether or no they are within duly measurable distance of their term. Those who traverse any field of knowledge in this fashion must needs know as little about it, as one who is walking against time to catch a train knows of the route he traverses. It is obvious, without need of further argument, that in such a case the teacher has not a free hand. He cannot do what he would, but has to do what he must: in other words, he is of secondary account, the examination of primary.

Nor is it merely by forcing him to hurry that an examination system may clog and incapacitate the teacher. It likewise does so if it forces him to think first not of the minds of the boys whom he has to train, but of the minds of the examiners whom he has to satisfy; to consider not what will do good to the one, but what will *pay* in the matter of marks assigned by the others. And this I maintain is the case when examiners attempt to do what is really quite impossible for them—to assign an absolute scale of individual merit amongst those whom they examine, from the results of examination alone. Yet that this is done every day our multitudinous competitive examinations and our classified Honours lists declare. And these things are articles of faith with the general public for the very reason that make them the despair of those who are practically acquainted with and interested in the work of education. The public must have its views as upon all other things in the universe, so upon educational results, and as with all other things it must have a quick and easy means of discovering what these views should be. For this purpose nothing can be more convenient than an official list, a correct card, exhibiting, each in his scientific place, the victims who have been inspected "as specimens on a board with a pin stuck through them like beetles."<sup>1</sup>

But the teacher who understands anything of his craft knows

<sup>1</sup> Address to the Education Society by the Rev. E. Thring, President, May 1, 1885. This address is so admirable that I am tempted to quote it *in extenso*. I should also recommend very earnestly to any one who feels interested in this most important question the same author's *Theory and Practice of Teaching*.

that he can do nothing if he has to emulate the Ingoldsby Skipper:

One eye was down through the hatchway cast,  
The other turned up to the truck of the mast.

He cannot direct his attention at once to the scholars at his feet and to the potentate enthroned above his head. And unless he is an exceptionally strong-minded man, with the full courage of his convictions, he will prefer to do that which the public voice will applaud him for doing, and will think of putting into his pupils' minds what examiners will wish to find, rather than of developing those minds in the way that he feels would be best for themselves.

And in so doing he will, I repeat, be distinctly doing the wrong thing, not the right one. An examiner cannot do what examinations conducted on the principles I have indicated affect to do. He cannot from a single inspection and one set of results assign degrees of individual merit between different individuals with different minds and trained by different men. At the best it will be the pupils, not necessarily of the best master, but of him who is likest the examiner, who will carry off the palm. And on the other hand, as I have said, this constant fixing of attention on the examiner instead of on his pupils, is quite fatal to the efficiency of the teacher. He should ever be learning how to teach, and this he can learn only by constant original experiment on the minds he has to deal with. This it is which makes the life of a class, and produces not progress only, but pleasure. But for this there is no room when the only thought has to be to produce the tale of bricks which it is known will be called for. A friend who had travelled in South America once described to me how in the morning every tree will be vocal with tree-cricket chirruping their merriest. Presently into one tree flies a mocking-bird, and that tree becomes dumb; every cricket has his eyes fixed entirely on that bird, and is wondering whether it is he that is going to be devoured. The same sort of spell falls upon a class over which broods as the arbiter of its fate the figure of the examiner.<sup>2</sup> This is no fancy picture:

<sup>2</sup> To prevent misconception, I may as well here state that I fully admit the good of examination, and of examination by others than the teacher of a school, nay its necessity. My wish is to see examination confined to that which it can really do. The examiner can mark off in certain broad lines, in what I may call the Oxford way, ignorance from knowledge, and merely passable knowledge from excellence. Examinations on this principle serve perfectly to keep teachers and taught upon the mettle, and yet do not engender that constant strain which a race for places must introduce.

it may be seen in real life every day. Nothing is more marked and nothing more interesting to observe than the development of minds which are going through a healthy and well-conducted course of study. They are constantly changing: they are not at any moment what they were six months before. Fresh indications of ripening judgment, of literary taste, of intelligent inquisitiveness, are perpetually breaking out. But set the boys who are so developing to prepare for a model modern examination, the London Matriculation for example, and at once there is a check. There is plenty of acquisition of knowledge, but there is no fresh development of power. One subject jostles another. The road is long which must be covered; the examiner will take the hindmost. There is no more time to pause or think, no time to do anything but grind along.

There is abundant evidence that this truth is forcing itself upon the notice of competent observers. Thus Professor Mahaffy, in his excellent Report, which I have already several times quoted, thus writes of that palmary example of competition, the Irish Intermediate Examination.<sup>3</sup>

For my own part I feel constrained to recommend schools in England or elsewhere where this enslaving system has not penetrated. It may no doubt act as a great stimulus to bad schools, and to a low type of scholars, who had otherwise been subject to no test whatever. To all higher schools, and to the higher class of boys who desire and deserve a real education in literature and science this competition is an almost unmixed evil. To the real schoolmaster who desires to develop the nature of his boys after his own fashion, and by his own methods, such a system is a death-blow. The day will yet come, when men will look back on the mania for competition in our legislation as the anxious blundering of honest reformers, who tried to cure the occasional abuses of favouritism by substituting universal hardships, and to raise the tone of lower education by levelling down the higher, by substituting diversity for depth, and by destroying all that freedom and leisure in learning which are the true condition of solid and lasting culture.

Professor Mahaffy speaks no doubt chiefly in the interests of literary culture. But the same warning comes from a no less weighty authority on the side of science. Professor Chrystal in his opening address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association last summer thus delivered himself:<sup>4</sup>

All men practically engaged in teaching who have learned enough, in spite of the defects of their own early training to enable them to take

<sup>3</sup> *Irish Endowed Schools' Commissioners' Report*, Appendix A, p. 258.

<sup>4</sup> I quote from the report in *Nature*, September 10, 1885.

a broad view of the matter, are agreed as to the canker which turns everything that is good in our educational practice to evil. It is the absurd prominence of written competitive examinations that works all this mischief. The end of all education now-a-days is to fit the pupil to be examined; the end of every examination, not to be an educational instrument, but to be an *examination* which a creditable number of men however badly taught shall pass. We reap, but we omit to sow. Consequently our examinations to be what is called fair—that is, beyond criticism in the newspapers—must contain nothing that is not to be found in the most miserable text-book that any one can cite bearing upon the subject.

The result of all this is that science in the hands of specialists soars higher and higher into the light of day, while educators and the educated are left more and more to wander in primeval darkness.

Science cannot live among the people, and scientific education cannot be more than a wordy rehearsal of dead text-books, unless we have living contact with the working minds of living men. It takes the hand of God to make a great mind, but contact with a great mind will make a little mind greater. The most valuable instruction in any art or science is to sit at the feet of a master, and the next best is to have contact with another who has himself been so instructed.

No agency that I have ever seen at work can compare for efficiency with an intelligent teacher who has thoroughly made his subject his own. It is by providing such, and not by sowing the dragon's teeth of examinations, that we can hope to raise up an intelligent generation of scientifically educated men.

In the same address Professor Chrystal then formulates the confession made by many schoolmasters, "We do what we know to be wrong because of the examinations."

As a natural, indeed an inevitable, consequence of all this, the same authorities bear witness that the system they describe is causing positive deterioration in the generation subjected to it. Professor Mahaffy tells us:<sup>5</sup>

It appeared to me all over Ireland, and in England also, that the majority of boys, without being overworked, were *addled by the multiplicity of their subjects*, and instead of increasing their knowledge had utterly confused it. I heard everywhere from the masters the same complaint. Whenever I asked them to point me out a brilliant boy, they replied that the race had died out, that brilliant boys could no longer be found. The great majority of intelligent educators with whom I conferred agreed that it was due to the constant addition of new subjects,—to the cry after English grammar and English literature, and French and German and science, to the subdivision of the wretched

<sup>5</sup> *Report &c.*, p. 256. The italics here and throughout are his.

boy's time into two hours in the week for this, two hours for that, alternate days for this and that, in fact, to an injurious system of teaching him everything so elaborately that he can answer intelligibly in nothing. I cannot speak too strongly of the melancholy impression forced upon me by the examination of many hundred boys in various schools through England and Ireland. I sought in vain for bright promise, for quick intelligence, for keen sympathy with their studies. It is the result of the present boa constrictor system of competitive examination which is strangling our youth in its fatal embrace.

And as to the actual worth of the test which examination affords he tells us,<sup>6</sup> in terms very similar to those of Professor Chrystal :

My experience is that numbers of boys who succeeded, not merely in passing, but in getting prizes, knew nothing of the *subjects* in which they competed. They had no doubt learnt the text-books off by heart, but as they had been occupied in doing this with five or six subjects, their education was at a standstill.

This or the like of this seems to be the uniform experience of examiners, I have myself been assured by one who has had to do with what is generally considered as among the more reputable of examinations that it is the rule to find candidates able to give faultlessly the translation of a set Latin book, and unable to make the remotest attempt to understand the simplest bit of unseen Latin. I have myself known time out of mind, candidates pass in subjects wherein I knew they should be plucked, and those immeasurably their superiors plucked because there was, somewhere in the medley of subjects demanded, one which they could not assimilate and would not get by rote.

And so it comes to pass that while the air re-echoes with shouts of triumph over the achievements of education, while we are taught from platforms and in magazines how far we are in advance of what the world has ever been before, and are promised a golden age from the workings of our system when they shall have had time to manifest themselves, the schoolmaster who is behind the scenes must, as Dr. Jäger says,<sup>7</sup> strike his breast and say: "Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

Different indeed is the conception of school work and school time of which I speak from that expressed in the refreshing old phrase *studiis vacare*. Not only do we accept as a necessity in certain conditions the bonds and fetters which have been so

<sup>6</sup> P. 257.

<sup>7</sup> *Aus der Praxis*, p. 1.

elaborately fashioned for us, but we glory in them and cry for more. It is the school which condescends to become a pot hunter for prizes and exhibitions and certificates that is held to be the model—it is “in the swim,” it is “abreast of the times,” in it there is “life.” One that chooses rather to do what is the right thing in the view of its own teachers and its own experience is reactionary and behind the age. There are beginning to be heard voices clamouring for yet more machinery and more restrictions, for state interference, state inspection, state licensing of teachers, state adjudication of results. Even should these clamours come to nothing they yet serve to indicate an alarming prevalence of the belief that machinery can do the work of mind, and that swathing bands can teach us to walk. Such a system could work but in one way—towards the elimination of originality, spontaneity, and freshness, and the substitution of mechanically manufactured results. More than ever under such a system must the teachers’ task become that of piling in lumps of knowledge which “like sheaves of corn on a threatening day have to be loaded up and carted in against time.” Those whose ideal is anything like this, must plainly ignore the fact that knowledge may even be in itself utterly worthless, and yet, as evidence of a process gone through in acquiring it, have distinct value. I will give an example of what I mean. A year or two ago an exceedingly original entrance examination paper was set at a public-school; evidently intended to test the faculty of observation on the part of those who answered it. In consequence it raised a howl of indignation from those whose trade it is to prepare boys to be examined. One question was as to how a horse differs from a cow in its manner of rising from the ground. If due notice were given that such a question was in the programme the critics would be happy and contented, for then we should have a primer tabulating the habits in this respect of all quadrupeds from the giraffe to the guinea-pig. It would be quite forgotten that the question would then become utterly worthless, as the only point worth testing would not be tested.

But what is to happen if the clamour for State bondage prevails? We know what has come of it in other cases. Under French revolutionary legislation not only did the State undertake to decide who might teach Latin, but to discriminate between him who might undertake Cæsar and him who might go as far as Tacitus. The licentiate for the first might be fined



if he sought an illustration from, or instituted a comparison of style with, the second. All taste, culture, discipline must of necessity be crushed out by such a system. It is not these that are wanted, but points on which examiners can frame questions easily translatable into marks. As an Austrian professor sadly remarked to me, "we no longer study grammar for the sake of authors, but authors for the sake of grammar." And these, though extreme instances serve at least to make out the direction in which the system must tend. To come back to the illustration with which I started we might as well institute a system of State inspection of gardens, insisting on the same rows of the same flowers and the same patches of the same potherbs in every soil from Land's End to John o'Groat's. There would be no more liberty for the cottager to consult his own wants and tastes and possibilities. He must bow to the superior wisdom enthroned afar which knows nothing of such accidental trifles and has made up its mind as to what is objectively best. Yet assuredly every plot whether of mind or of land is good for something and treated carefully and patiently can be made to bear—not perhaps the things of greatest worth—but what is at least sufficient to make its owner prosperous and happy.

Memini me

Corycium vidisse senem : cui pauca relict  
Jugera ruris erant : nec fertilis illa juvencis  
Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda Baccho.  
Hic rarum tamen in dumis olus, albaque circum  
Lilia, verbenasque premens, vescumque papaver,  
Regum æquabat opes animis : seraque revertens  
Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.

JOHN GERARD.

## *A Fight for Life.*

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LAST autumn Cochin China was the scene of one of the most terrible massacres of Christians recorded in the history of the Asiatic missions. The whole of the northern provinces were in insurrection against the French, and almost in sight of their garrisons the Christian villages were burned by the insurgent bands, and thousands of the inhabitants were put to the sword, often having to endure prolonged torture. In some cases the missionaries succeeded in saving their flocks from massacre by retiring with them into the hills, or retreating upon some post held by the French. In one instance where a retreat of this kind was impossible they stood on the defensive, repulsed the attacks of the insurgent bands, and after a siege of more than three weeks were delivered by a body of French troops sent to their relief. The narrative of their heroic defence recalls similar scenes in the Indian mutiny, where a handful of brave men fought for their lives against a multitude of half-savage foes. But in this case the Europeans organized and directed the defence, not to save themselves, but for the sake of the Annamite Christians entrusted to their care.

The scene of this strange episode was the village of Di-Loan in Northern Cochin China, with the adjacent hamlet of An-Ninh. Di-Loan was an entirely Christian village, the centre of a large district and the residence of the Pro-Vicar of the Mission, Father Dangelzer. Its people had long been known as among the best of the native Christians, and in the days of the persecution it had been the usual hiding-place of the Bishop. In the village there was a large church, and a convent of sixty native nuns. At An-Ninh was the seminary of the Mission. The two villages stood about a mile and a half or two miles from the little port of Tung, on the sea coast, where there was a pagan village and a few small coasting craft. The nearest post held by the French, the fort of Quang-tri, was many miles away.

On Monday, the 7th of September, news arrived that the

fort of Quang-tri was in the hands of the insurgents, and that a considerable armed force was gathering to their standards. It was the very day when the young seminarists were returning to An-Ninh, after the summer vacation, to recommence their studies on the following day, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. In the course of the same day on which the news arrived, the missionaries of the district assembled at Di-Loan in the house of Father Dangelzer, to decide as to what steps were to be taken to meet the coming storm. It was agreed that the best hope of saving the Christians of the neighbourhood would be to gather them in from the outlying villages and scattered hamlets and farms, and attempt a defence of An-Ninh and Di-Loan until either a rescuing force appeared, or means could be provided for escaping by sea. At the same time two small junks were obtained at Tung and manned by the Christians, one being despatched southward to Hué, the residence of Mgr. Caspar, the Vicar-Apostolic of the Mission, the other northwards to the French post at Quang-Binh, the residence of Father Héry, one of the missionaries. This boat conveyed most of the seminarists, so as at least to save some future priests for the Mission. In each case an effort was to be made to obtain help for the Christians of Di-Loan.

On Tuesday, the 8th, the Christians of the outlying villages came trooping in. Far off could be seen the smoke of their burning houses. The work of massacre and destruction had begun. One band of fugitives, the Christians of Dinh-cat, had lost its leader and pastor, a native priest, slain on the road by an armed band. At Di-Loan and An-Ninh preparations were being made for certain danger and possible death. All went to confession and received Communion, and then the Sacred Hosts that were left were consumed. The bamboo fence round An-Ninh was strengthened and repaired, provisions were collected together, and hundreds of strong bamboos sharpened to a point to serve as spears. These were at first almost the only arms available, a fowling-piece belonging to the seminary being the most formidable weapon in the two villages.

All through the following day the smoke of burning houses drew nearer and nearer. The fugitives who arrived at Di-Loan told how they had been attacked on the march by armed bands, and by evening the enemy was close at hand. At daybreak on the 10th the churches and villages which the Christians had abandoned round Di-Loan, were set on fire by the insurgents,

and supported by the pagans of the neighbourhood, they advanced upon the two posts held by the missionaries and their flocks. In these two villages more than four thousand Christians were huddled together, eight hundred of them were men capable of bearing arms, the rest women and children and old or infirm men. Just as the enemy came in sight one of the two junks which had been despatched to look for help a few days before, appeared in the port of Tung; a force of fifty men was rapidly marched from An-Ninh to Tung to bring in the arms and supplies which were on board the boat. Happily the insurgents did not perceive or did not understand the significance of this movement, and the Christians succeeded in disembarking and bringing into An-Ninh two small cannon, four long-barrelled matchlocks, and a supply of ammunition. The cannon were probably two of the little guns to be found in most Chinese villages, where they are kept to fire salutes, and to add their fire and noise to the general uproar of the annual festivals. The matchlocks seem to have been heavy wall pieces, of the kind that are sometimes called *jingals*.

While An-Ninh was being thus strengthened, the pagans had poured down upon and surrounded the large village of Di-Loan. The people of the adjacent heathen village of Tông-Luât joined in the attack. The assailants seem to have been little better than an armed mob. They fought badly and with little method, and apparently were the kind of men who are ready enough to massacre and destroy where there is no resistance, but do not like fighting at close quarters. The Christians of Di-Loan met the attack with a sortie. They issued from their stockades, broke through and drove back the insurgents, using their bamboo spears with good effect, and pursuing their treacherous neighbours of Tông-Luât into that village. Here torches were being got ready to burn the houses, when the villagers begged for mercy, and swore to stand neutral in the quarrel if their houses were spared. Father Dangelzer, who was with the Christians, accepted this surrender, and the victors fell back upon Di-Loan.

Meanwhile An-Ninh had been attacked, and apparently by more determined foes. They slowly surrounded the place, cutting it off from Di-Loan and from the sea, but this movement came too late; an hour earlier and they might have had the village and the seminary at their mercy. At last they rushed upon the bamboo hedges, and after a sharp struggle in which

several men were killed, they poured into the outer garden of the seminary. Some brave Christians held the gate leading to the inner garden, which was the very citadel of the place, until it could be closed and barricaded. Most of them were killed defending the gate. The cannon and jingals were brought up to the threatened point, and their fire drove back the enemy, who seemed surprised to find the place so well armed. But the pagans rallied more than once, and returned to the attack on the gate. It was not till after three hours' fighting that a thunderstorm having burst over the place, they withdrew from the outer gate, and the battle was over. In the seminary garden twenty Christian soldiers lay dead, fifty more were carried wounded into the hospital. They had all fought with their rosaries hanging round their necks. That evening a thanksgiving was offered for the hard won success of the day, and the *De profundis* was recited for the dead. Besides its loss in killed and wounded, An-Ninh had suffered by fire. Several houses had been burned, and the parish church just outside the hamlet had been completely destroyed. The enemy had suffered considerably in the fight, but as the pagans had carried off the killed and wounded when they retired, it was not possible to estimate their precise loss.

The next morning (Friday), was employed in strengthening the stockades of An-Ninh, and erecting an inner stockade of bamboos, trees and planks behind the first. At noon the attack was renewed. This time the insurgents attempted to destroy the stockades by burning them. They brought up bundles of straw, set them on fire, and threw them against the bamboo hedges, and at the same time burning fuzes were hurled over the defences and on to the thatched roofs of the houses inside. All the while their riflemen kept up a sharp fire to prevent the defenders from extinguishing the flames. But heedless of the danger the Christian women brought up buckets of water from the two wells of the seminary to the men at the stockade, and helped them to put out the fire. More than one of these brave women fell under the enemy's bullets while thus employed. At the same time other workers were pulling off the burning thatch of the houses, half of which were unroofed before the danger was over. Towards three o'clock a strong body of the enemy attempted to storm a weak point of the stockade, but they were driven back by the fire of the two guns, which were loaded with grape. So sure had they been of success that the stormers

were followed by a number of women bent on plunder. One of these, who was carrying a little child slung on her back, abandoned it in the panic of the retreat, and it was picked up half dead just outside the stockade. It was brought into the seminary chapel and baptized, and died the same evening.

Throughout the 11th Di-Loan had not been molested, the insurgents concentrating all their efforts on An-Ninh, but on the 12th Di-Loan was attacked. The pagans of four neighbouring districts had joined the enemy, even the people of Tông-Luât forgot their promise of neutrality and prepared to assist in storming Di-Loan, in front of which the main body of the insurgents was massed. They had placed guns in position against the village, and Father Dangelzer no sooner saw the commencement of the attack, than he decided that the place was untenable. It was practically an open village, without the strong stockades that defended the smaller circuit of An-Ninh. Moreover, it had no firearms to oppose to the cannon and muskets of the attack. From the rear of Di-Loan a narrow and hollow road led to An-Ninh; by this path Dangelzer sent the sixty nuns and the women and children of the village, with the sick and wounded—in all a thousand persons—into An-Ninh. All the time his men distracted the attention of the enemy by holding the other end of the village, spear in hand and drums beating, as if resolved to defend it to the last. There was some fighting before the evacuation of the village by the non-combatants was completed. As soon as the last of these was gone, the Christian soldiers retired through the village. It was necessary to traverse the hollow road in single file, and if the enemy had rushed in between the two villages at this moment, there might have been a serious disaster. But they were pressing into Di-Loan, plundering and burning. The great convent and church were soon on fire, a terrible loss to the Mission, for in the convent were all the papers and records of the district, and a mass of documents bearing on the cause of the martyrs of the great persecution, which were just ready to be sent to Rome. There, too, was the store of wine for the Mass, and flour for making the altar breads. All was lost in the flames. The sacking and burning of Di-Loan seems to have kept the insurgents occupied all the afternoon; towards evening there was a storm with a terrible downfall of rain, and this perhaps prevented anything being done against An-Ninh. Next day the plundering of Di-Loan was continued. At An-Ninh the mission-



aries were occupied in providing for the shelter of the thousand non-combatants who had come in the day before, and assigning to the armed men their places at the defences. It was a busy Sunday. Men were at work repairing and strengthening the outer and inner stockades, for an attack was hourly expected. There were now nearly four thousand Christians in this little improvised fortress, including three European missionaries, five native priests, and seven clerics, with eight hundred fighting men. The rest were women and children, and sick and wounded men. There were provisions for six days, or on short rations for twenty. There were very few projectiles for the guns, and of powder only enough for one or two days. If ammunition and food had been more abundant, the defence would have been in a very satisfactory condition, for the bamboo hedges were now very strong, the seminary formed a kind of citadel, and the lofty tower of its church supplied an excellent look-out station from which every movement of the enemy could be seen.

At noon on Monday, the 14th, the sacking of Di-Loan having been completed, An-Ninh was again attacked. Several cannon-shot struck the church, and attempts were made to burn the stockades with trusses of blazing straw and the houses with rockets. The women, directed and led by the nuns, extinguished the fires at the stockades as they broke out, and the roofs that were in danger were covered with wet mats. It was a very hot day and this made the work all the more difficult, but thanks to the courage of the women, the stockades remained intact, while three attempts to break in over them were repulsed by the men. The loss of the Christians was four killed and twenty wounded. But after the fight very little powder was left, and this made the position serious.

On the three following days the enemy kept the main body of their forces in their camp; but their armed bands were moving round An-Ninh and watched all the roads to prevent the Christians from coming out to get any provisions. Couriers sent out by the besieged attempted in vain to pass the line of the enemy's outposts and came back to An-Ninh. With them came a few Christians whom pagan friends had been sheltering in the adjacent villages. They had left their hiding-places, because the leaders of the insurgents had just proclaimed that if any one sheltered a Christian he would be burned alive with all his family. These refugees and the couriers reported that the enemy was bringing more artillery and ammunition, and col-

lecting straw, wood, and other combustibles. Two camps were also being formed in the plain one on each side of An-Ninh. On Friday, the 18th, fighting began again. The enemy opened fire on the village with his artillery, and all day shots were falling in the place. Four or five Christians were killed and a dozen wounded. Their cannon replied as long as there was any powder left. Next day the guns of An-Ninh were silent, and the enemy closed in upon the place to attempt an assault. It was a terrible moment. There was no ammunition for the guns, which had been withdrawn to the seminary garden. The leaders of the enemy's attacking column were cutting their way into the outer stockade. Its defenders were fighting bravely with their bamboo spears, but were being shot down one by one, and it looked as if the capture of the place was certain. It was resolved to try the effect of a sortie. Everyone that could be spared was got together, two columns were formed, each soldier tied a band of white linen or calico round his arm, so that friends might know each other in the coming *melle*. The statue of Our Lady of Victories was placed upon the church tower, and all the non-combatants knelt in prayer. Then three strokes on a drum gave the signal for the sortie, and the little columns, issuing from two gates in the stockade, fell on the flanks of the enemy's attack. The success of the sortie was complete. For a moment the insurgents hesitated as if they thought the new comers were allies. Next minute the bamboo spears were busy among them, a panic seized them and they fled in all directions, pursued by the Christians. As it was late, and it would have been dangerous to follow the enemy too far, the Christian leaders soon halted and rallied their men and led them back to An-Ninh. They brought with them not a few useful trophies of their success. There was a cannon, a jingal, two rifles, rockets, and a quantity of ammunition; unfortunately, the powder-boxes that were captured were nearly empty. Besides these trophies there was an officer's staff, a drum, and a quantity of provisions. Twelve of the Christians had been killed or wounded in the earlier part of the day, but not one of them had fallen in the sortie. Although the enemy had carried off many of their killed and wounded, there were still seventy dead bodies lying in front of the stockades on the Sunday morning. That Sunday was a day of rest, the enemy remaining quite inactive after the repulse of the preceding day.

Provisions were now running short, no sign of relief had

appeared, and the missionaries began to fear not without reason, that the French would suppose that all in the district had been already massacred. It was important to communicate with the outer world. Accordingly, on Monday, the 21st, several couriers tried to pass the enemy's outposts. In every case the attempt failed. On the Tuesday it was decided to try to send out a message by sea. Two hundred picked men attempted to seize by surprise a junk in the port of Tung, but their approach was perceived by the villagers, who fired on them, killed one man, and then went on board their boats and pulled then across to the other side of the river that runs into the port. This attempt also had failed, and the expedition retired to An-Ninh.

Since Saturday's battle the enemy had kept quiet in their camps, contenting themselves with maintaining the blockade on the land-side. On Wednesday at noon they renewed the attack. For the sixth time they crowded up to the stockades, fired into the village, and did their best to burn down its defences. They met with the same heroic resistance, and after the Christians had burned their last cartridge, there was another sortie, even more successful than the first. The insurgents were driven back, leaving behind them thirty dead, three cannons, a jingal, six rifles, a considerable quantity of ammunition, seven drums, as many palanquins, a horse, and several flags and rockets, and quite a mountain of straw, brought up to burn the stockade. This was a considerable success, but one even more important, although of another kind, was obtained the following night. Under cover of darkness, a small body of picked men was sent down to the sea-shore to attempt once more to seize a boat. When they reached the shore near the port, they were able to make out that a junk was stationed outside the port, close to the beach. They opened communications with the crew, and found to their joy that they were friends and not foes. The junk had come down from Hué to collect information as to the position of the Christians in the neighbourhood. Five men were sent on board of her, with their weapons and a small stock of provisions, and she put out to sea, steering northwards before a fair wind. The rest of the little expedition returned to An-Ninh. There was now some hope of speedy rescue.

During the four following days the enemy kept at a distance, encamped to the landward of An-Ninh. There was free communication with the coast, and towards the end of the week

the junk reappeared. On board of it was Father Héry, the missionary of Quang-Binh, who after landing successfully a small supply of arms and ammunition, put to sea again in order to obtain more effective aid from the French garrisons. But although the insurgents were so careless as to the blockade on the sea-side, on the land-side they watched all the roads, and a party of thirty Christians, who left An-Ninh to try and return to their villages, were made prisoners and all beheaded. Rumour ran that the insurgents had sent for more cannon and for elephants to force the stockades. At An-Ninh preparations were made to repel the coming attack. Reaping-hooks or bills were fixed to long bamboos, to be used in keeping back the elephants: rockets were kept ready to set fire to the enemy's heaps of straw before they could be brought near enough to the barricades to be dangerous; and to secure them the better against artillery fire, earth was heaped against the lower part of the stockades. Thus prepared, and trusting in the same protection that had watched over them from the outset of the siege, the Christians awaited the seventh and last assault.

It began soon after daybreak on Monday, the 28th of September. During the night the enemy had closed in upon An-Ninh. In the two last assaults the sorties of the Christians had produced such an effect that the insurgents now took special precautions against them. Under cover of darkness they had fixed spikes in the ground outside the two gates, and placed a strong force under cover before each of them. They apparently wished to hide these arrangements from the garrison, but the look-out on the church-tower gave warning of the ambuscade, and the Christians were ordered to defend their works without attempting a sortie. This time, thanks to the supplies landed by Father Héry, ammunition was abundant. All the morning the enemy was kept at bay by artillery and rifle fire. Towards noon the insurgents attempted to rush up to the works, bringing with them great piles of straw to burn the stockade. The rockets were then brought to bear with good effect. The straw was soon on fire, and was thrown down by its bearers at a considerable distance from the ramparts. Meanwhile the riflemen in the stockade were picking off those of the attacking party who were still pushing forward. Under this fire of rockets and rifles the insurgents at length gave up the attack. Early in the afternoon they had all withdrawn to their camp.

In the evening the Litany of our Lady was publicly recited in thanksgiving for this success.

The provisions of the garrison were now almost exhausted. In the days that followed the seventh attack, although the enemy was inactive, famine was at work in An-Ninh. Some of the little garrison went out to look for food. They only brought back a few potatoes, and several of them, while engaged in these searches in the fields, were surprised and killed by parties sent out by the enemy. But at length, on the morning of Friday, the 2nd of October, the feast of the Guardian Angels, the look-out on the tower announced that there was a small column approaching the further side of the enemy's camp. They were too far off to make out who they were, but they looked like a European force. Soon, firing was heard in the same direction, and the enemy's huts in the camp were then seen in a blaze. Every one felt that rescue was at hand. By mid-day all doubt and danger was over. The insurgents had broken up their camp and were in full retreat for the hills, and a little column composed of *Chasseurs-à-pied* and Tonquinese *tirailleurs* was halted at An-Ninh.

The siege of An-Ninh was over. The enemy had during three weeks attacked the place seven times, and discharged against it some fifteen hundred cannon-shot. More than two hundred Christians were killed, twice as many wounded. The village of Di-Loan had been destroyed with its church and convent, and the parish church of An-Ninh. But the brave stand made by the Christians under the guidance of their pastors had saved nearly four thousand lives. In all the district those who had failed to reach the shelter of the stockades had perished. They had been stabbed, beheaded, drowned, burned alive, or slowly tortured to death by the Pagans who were roused to fury against everything Christian, and everything French. Our narrative of the siege of An-Ninh is based upon the journal<sup>1</sup> of Fathers Girard and Closset, the two missionaries, who with the pro-Vicar Dangelzer directed the defence. Heroism like theirs is, it is true, of a different type from that of the martyr who goes unresistingly to death, but none the less it is heroism, and we may be proud of the three brave missionaries, and of the Christian soldiers who fought under their orders with the rosary round their necks, and the bamboo spears in hand, trusting more to God's protection, than

<sup>1</sup> Published in the *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons, December 18, 1885.

to anything such poor weapons could accomplish. We honour the memory of the martyr Machabees and of their mother, who "was to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men, for she beheld her seven sons slain in the space of one day, and bore it with a good courage for the hope that she had in God;"<sup>2</sup> but we honour also the memory of the soldier Machabees who drew the sword upon those "who were assembled to destroy them and their sanctuary," and whose watchword was that it was better to die in battle than to see the ruin of their people and of the holy places.

A. H. A.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Mac. vii. 20.



*The Beloved.*

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WHEN the storm was in the sky,  
And the west was black with showers,  
My Beloved came by  
With His Hands full of flowers—  
Red burning flowers,  
Like flame that pulsed and throbbed—  
And beyond in the rain-smitten bowers  
The turtle-dove sobbed.

(Sweet in the rough weather  
The voice of the turtle-dove—  
“ Beautiful altogether  
Is my Love,  
His Hands are open spread for love  
And full of jacinth stones—  
As the apple-tree among trees of the grove  
Is He among the sons.”)

When the night was in the sky,  
And heavily went the hours,  
My Beloved drew nigh  
With His Hands full of flowers—  
Burning red flowers  
Like cups of scented wine—  
And He said, “ They are all ours,  
Thine and Mine.”

" I gathered them from the bitter Tree—

Why dost thou start ?

I gathered the Five of them for thee,

Child of My Heart.

These are they that have wrung My Heart,

And with fiercest pangs have moved Me—

I gathered them—why dost thou shrink apart ?

In the house of them that loved Me."

(Sweet through the rain-swept blast

The moan of the turtle-dove—

" You that see Him go past

Tell Him I languish with love.

Thou hast wounded my heart, O my Love !

With but one look of Thine Eyes,

While yet the boughs are naked above

And winter is in the skies.")

" Honey-laden flowers

For the children nursed on the knee,

Who sow not bramble among their bowers—

But what" He said "for thee ?

Not joys of June for thee,

Not lily, no, nor rose—

For thee the blossom of the bitter Tree,

More sweet than aught that blows."

(The voice of the turtle-dove—

" How shall my heart be fed

With pleasant apples of love,

When the wintertime has fled

The rain and the winters fled,

How all His gifts shall grace me,

When His Left Hand is under my head,

And His Right Hand doth embrace me.")

MAY PROBYN

## *The Fisherman.*

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FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

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"YOU are not happy as on other evenings," said the Conde de Viana to the Marquesa de Alora, on finding her seated by the fireplace, her cheek resting sorrowfully on her hand.

"It is so," answered the Marquesa.

"What is the matter? tell me what ails you."

"I am sorrowful. The storm of to-day, the wind sighing, and the clouds and rain, have made me so. As in nature the clouds interpose between the heavens and the earth, so there are days when sombre and painful ideas interpose between Heaven and the soul."

"On other occasions I have heard you express delight in a storm as a beautiful sight, saying that there is life and movement in a tempest, that it is beneficial to nature, as a Turkish bath is to man, giving new vigour."

"I do not deny it. Who is so foolish as to maintain that they will always think the same? or what man is such an automaton as always to feel according to rule? Experience and circumstances influence what we think and feel. Besides, there are days when the clouds have neither form nor movement, but appear like one heavy inert mass of lead, threatening to fall on our defenceless heads."

"So the same cause which gladdened you yesterday may sadden you to-day?"

"And if it were so, what remedy have you?"

"The will should be used to overcome such impressions, or else they will become scourges to us."

"You may restrain a wild animal but not a cloud."

"The comparison is not exact, dear friend."

"All comparisons may be questioned."

"Not when they are exact. There is one that I frequently

make without danger of being contradicted, when I compare you to an angel."

"Thank you, my old and dear friend. I am far from rejecting compliments, not that I merit them, but being a woman I think them a sweet incense that refines the sphere in which we move. The bitter and hostile spirit of the day ridicules and condemns them because the cordiality and courtesy which in other times inspired them, scarcely exist now-a-days. Compliments are considered mere flattery, and it is clear that they are so, because no longer sincere, they are just cold and weak echoes of what in other times were voices of the heart."

"It is as you say, but you are too young to realize so fully as I do the changes brought about in society by modern ideas. Even those like myself who cling to old-fashioned notions of good breeding, are influenced by the reigning spirit of discourtesy and want of attention to others. Mutual respect, one of the first duties of those in society, is almost unknown, consisting as it does of a sustained attention to others, which should be more particularly shown by a superior to an inferior. A want of attention to a superior, *offends*; a want of attention to an inferior, *wounds*."

"I share all your ideas, Conde," replied the Marquesa, "they are traditional in my family. I think, moreover, that for society to be what it should, each ought to treat a superior with deference, an inferior with deference and kindness, friends only with freedom, and no one with familiarity."

"But how we have wandered away from the starting-point of our conversation," said the Conde, "and I am longing to know what pre-occupies you; something there is;—and do not look so fixedly at the flame for you will spoil your sight."

"When I have spoilt it I will wear spectacles. If all things had but their remedy as easily!"

"I am finding the thread I seek for. Something sad, some *no hay remedio*<sup>1</sup> dismays and overwhelms you."

"You have guessed right, Conde. The terrible *no hay remedio* that I have heard to-day from a doctor's lips weighs on my heart like the slab of a sepulchre. Mercedes has lost her reason, and for her insanity *no hay remedio*. I am quite disconsolate, it is most sad for me—whatever it may be, whether it comes from scruples, oversensitiveness, or superstition, a feeling of bitter remorse has arisen in my conscience, as if

<sup>1</sup> There is no remedy.

it threw in my face that I had destroyed the happiness of that good family by making a vain display of it to you. As in the fable of Psyche, one flash of the indiscreet torch dispelling the darkness in which the gods delighted, destroyed the charm."

"Your superstition and your comparison are alike pagan," observed the Conde, "God has nothing to do with darkness: truth and light belong to Heaven. To care for and contribute to the happiness of others, as you did in this case, is so beautiful an action that it was one of God's motives for creating man. Do not afflict yourself, Señora," pursued the Conde, as he saw tears stealing from his friend's eyes. "To-day it falls to me to see things in a better light than my Queen of smiles. Let us talk it over. Perhaps you think the insane suffer very much, but is it not possible that God may send insanity as a relief in insupportable misfortune?"

"Oh! no, no. It is so rare that the cause of insanity is forgotten, only all power of consolation is lost. An insane person cannot be calmed by reflection, or soothed by the sympathy of others. Insanity is a nightmare from which there is no awakening."

"This may be, if the form taken is sad."

"It is almost always so, for in nearly all cases insanity is caused by the shock of some great calamity."

"But sometimes the insane cease to feel what has befallen them, all is blotted out through complete loss of memory, which alone preserves sorrow imperishable. So you may see many insane persons gay, one believes himself Prester John, another is a king, this one a poet, that one an inventor or some eminent man, without contradiction or deception."

"Of the last you name there are many in the world who pass for sane," said the Marquesa with a half-smile, "but the greater part of the insane are misanthropes, they suffer, weep, and at times become furious. Never shall I forget the day I was taken to see a madhouse. The feathers and gay colours of the inmates appeared to me more funereal than grave clothes. Insanity is more sad than death—for dear ones lost by death, there is the hope of their blessedness, and prayers for them which hasten it. The deepest impression was made on me by seeing a young man in one of the cells who appeared so quiet and sad, that I could not forbear asking his keeper why the poor young fellow was so severely guarded and chained to his bench. I was answered that when seized with frenzy no one

could hold him, he tried at such times to cast himself towards some place that he sought wildly for, crying out all the time in a heartrending voice, 'Rafael, Rafael!' This name was the sole word that ever escaped from his stifled breast, and it seemed as if the sound of that name by his own voice struck terror to his heart, and strangely enough Rafael was his own name! He had the deadly pallor peculiar to his affliction, so deathlike that it makes one fancy the heart no longer warms the blood that passes through it. His dark eyes had no light in them, and appeared only like the smouldering cinders of a fire that no longer burnt. It was mournful to see the ravages which suffering had made on his young face. He belonged to the humbler class in which the best type of the Spanish race is so often found. I cannot express the compassion I felt for that young lad in the flower of his youth, appearing so gentle and sad, chained as he was like an animal, cut off from all society like a leper. I was called away and left with my companions. But shortly after it appeared that the sufferer was seized by one of his frenzied paroxysms, for from the direction of his cell I heard a plaintive cry repeating at intervals, 'Rafael! Rafael!' The impression made on me by my imprudent visit lasted a long time, and gave me a profound terror of this terrible moral suffering, this awful state in which the individual appears like one dead, while only one permanent remembrance survives like a phantom of the night. I prayed God to hasten the work of time, that as on trees the leaves that have been destroyed by bitter winds shoot forth again, so the bitter impression made on me might be replaced by a sweeter one. But this cry of 'Rafael' long resounded in my ears, pregnant with some fatal mystery, as the expression of some terrible anguish."

"And you never found out the cause of the lad's insanity?" asked the Conde.

"No, and I am glad of it. Being already so impressed, how much more should I have felt had I known the cause?"

"The effect would have been lessened," said the Conde, "the effect of the known is less than the unknown, which being dark as night causes terror by the very fact. The real arrests, but the mysterious sets the imagination at work, and you know that yours has no bounds, especially as regards what is horrible! By chance it is in my power to tell you the origin of this same Rafael's insanity, which for the future will seem to you a mis-



fortune certainly worthy of the deepest pity, but will no longer hang over you as a type of mysterious horror."

"You are going to give me a bad time of it," exclaimed the Marquesa.

"It may be so, but after some tears of compassion you will no longer shudder with terror as you have hitherto done at the thought of this unhappy man. You must know that last year I went for a while to Sanlucar de Barrameda to drink the waters. Opposite the house where I lodged lived an old woman whom my landlady knew and considered the happiest woman in the world, and in reality she was so. She had two sons, or to speak more truly, two lovers, for I never knew instances of more perfect filial love. Neither of them cared to marry whilst their mother lived, and when chaffed about it, they answered merrily that they were both married to the same woman without being jealous. They were fishermen, and what they earned they always gave to their mother, assuring her the labour was sweet to them that gave her all she might want for in her old age. You can imagine the intensity of this good woman's love for her sons, uniting as it did tender gratitude to a mother's love."

"How much she must have suffered when her sons went to sea," observed the Marquesa, who in compensation for her own happiness had an almost exaggerated aptitude for compassion."

"You have a heart of raw flesh," answered the Conde, smiling, "pardon me the vulgarity of the illustration in consideration of its exactitude. I have often told you that you are wont to feel more for the ills of others than they do themselves, and you do yourself harm and them no good. Custom familiarizes us with all things, even danger, and so their mother was not alarmed at seeing her sons pass their lives at the mercy of winds and waves. You must remember, Marquesa, that these two slept in their boat like children in their cradles, and sung in it like birds in a cage. In fishing villages the sound of the wind does not cause alarm, nor do the risks run by those they love present themselves in so lively a fashion to the mothers and wives, as to your imagination. They run so many risks and escape so many, it becomes habitual to know that they are more or less exposed, and habit with man has such power that it lessens his fears. The sea-folk are wont to return from fishing in the fall of the evening, they go at once to their homes, where they sleep until the hour of the tide calls

them to embark in order to be at sea by daybreak, when they cast out their nets. Generally at midnight or at one or two o'clock, always in the small hours of the night, the sleeping fishermen are awakened, their names being called out one after the other, sometimes at a great distance in the still night. Although my years, each one of which is a narcotic, have brought me to that fortunate stage of maturity which resembles a plant dried up by exposure, I am not without imagination, that creative faculty which is never at rest, and when between sleeping and waking I heard the voice that shouted for Rafael (this was the name of my neighbour's eldest son), the voice sounded to me, now as a warning, now as a menace. Was it, I asked myself, the voice of a man, of the sea, or of his destiny? But the two brothers, young and full of life, only heard in it the call of duty; jumping up and hurriedly dressing, they ran down to their boat, and putting the prow seawards like a brave man facing the enemy, launched out fearlessly to meet whatever might befall them. One night the *pairs* put out (so the embarkation of the fishermen was called, because they set out two and two), in spite of the night being dark and threatening. The heavens were clouded and not a star to be seen. The waves of the sea surged like the rising and falling of a bosom that sought relief, the wind alone was lacking to the menacing state of the weather, and so soon as the boats had got well out to sea, the wind burst on them with the violence of a hurricane. The boat in which the two brothers were was taken aback by the sudden blast of wind, and the men hastened to shorten sail."

"Miguel, reef the top-sail, while I take in the jib," cried Rafael to his brother, and with the vigorous yet firm steps of a sailor he sprang to the prow of the boat. At that moment a tremendous gust of wind split the top-mast, its fall added to the confusion of the raging hurricane, the planks strained and groaned, the wind whistled through the rigging and roared against the sails as they gave way with a crackling clapping sound impossible to describe. A momentary lull followed on this outburst of nature, a momentary silence to the deafening roar of the elements.

"Rafael!" cried a voice from the waves.

"*Maria Santissima!* A man overboard!" shouted the men in consternation.

"Rafael!" this time the voice was more distant and full of anguish.

"It is my brother!" cried Rafael. "Save him! Save him! Cast a rope overboard! he swims like a fish."

"Rafael!" again came the cry between the roaring of the wind, which once more gathered in intensity.

"Put about, put about! his voice comes from to leeward, cast him a rope, throw the oars overboard—if perhaps—but so dark is it I cannot see my own hand."

"Rafael!"

"*Patron* the other side, the wave carries him on it, save him, save him comrades, he will drown!"

"Rafael!" the voice came fainter with a wailing sound.

"Put back, put back, we are leaving him, the wind carries us on its wings! Put about, by all the saints in Heaven, put about!"

This appalling scene lasted for three-quarters of an hour, during which the darkness, the violence of the storm, and the irresistible force of the wind, made it impossible to save the able swimmer, who all the while made a desperate fight for his life. During three-quarters of an hour Rafael heard his brother's voice imploring him for help. During three-quarters of an hour one brother agonized between life and death, and the other between hope and desperation. At the end of that time the voice was no longer heard, the sea had obtained its prey and went roaring on as though seeking another victim, while the wind moaned as if all the cries of the shipwrecked were borne on it. Rafael had fallen senseless in the bottom of the boat, the rest of the crew, with that innate and spontaneous respect which in the supreme moment of death impels the souls of the living to follow the soul that has just parted, uncovered and said the *Credo*.

The day following, the old mother, so happy on the vigil, had lost one son through drowning, and the remaining one had been brought home to her insane."

"So that unfortunate man is my Rafael!" exclaimed the Marquesa, deeply moved.

"Yes, Señora, he it is who always hears his brother's voice and tries to precipitate himself to aid him."

"And the mother?" asked the Marquesa with a trembling voice.

"She lives!"

"She lives? poor thing, poor thing! tell me, Conde, can I do anything to help or comfort her?"

"Nothing, Marquesa. There is but one thing that she needs."

"What is it, Conde, tell me?"

"You cannot give it her, Señora, but God has given it her as He alone can."

"And it is——?"

"Christian resignation, Señora. To this alone she owes it that she is not dead like one of her sons, or mad like the other."

"That woman is a heroine!" exclaimed the Marquesa, "or rather, she is a saint. What has she done to merit such unheard of misfortune whilst others——? But how can we understand the things of this earth without believing in heavenly things? How can we explain the confused enigma of life without raising our eyes from earth and fixing them on heaven?"

"Where," added the Conde, "for those who understand their language the stars have written the answer in letters of gold, and it is *Cosa cumplida sola en la otra vida*—"Completed only in the other life."

C. M. PAULL.

## *The Mission of Madagascar.*

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### PART THE SECOND.

THE protracted war between our Gallic neighbours and the rulers of Madagascar, which has just arrived at a happy conclusion, has drawn public attention to the affairs of that island, and called forth various books full of valuable information regarding the history, manners, and superstitions of the tribes that inhabit it. A recent publication of Father La Vaissière, S.J.,<sup>1</sup> reveals to our eyes an interesting spectacle of missionary zeal, engaged during the last quarter of a century in an incessant struggle with the superstitions of fetichism, the insidious attacks of heresy, and the deadly influence of a malarious climate, and resulting in the establishment of a flourishing branch of the Church, numbering eighty thousand adherents, who have, during the late absence of their exiled pastors, offered to the world a splendid example of fidelity to the doctrines, and fervour in the practice of their religion. It is from this exhaustive work, and the letters of various Jesuit Fathers which have appeared from time to time in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, and the columns of *Les Missions Catholiques*, that we have compiled the following sketch of the history of the Mission of Madagascar.

The first seeds of the faith scattered on the soil of Madagascar, were probably sown by the religious of St. Dominic in the sixteenth century, after the discovery of the island by the Portuguese. In the chronicles of that Order we find mention of the glorious death of Brother John of St. Thomas, who fell a victim to poison administered to him by the natives, but we have no further record of the apostolic labours of these devoted missionaries. To the Dominicans succeeded the Jesuit Fathers from Goa, who about 1620, accompanied a body of Portuguese merchants on a trading expedition to the south-east

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de Madagascar ; ses habitants et ses missionnaires.* Par le Père de la Vaissière, S.J. Paris : Victor Lecoffre, 1884. Two vols.

coast of the island, but their labours were of short duration, the enterprise being abandoned in a few months, owing probably to the hostility of the natives. But in 1648, a new and more successful effort to evangelize the Malagasies was made by the children of St. Vincent of Paul, who at the request of Louis the Fourteenth, dispatched a body of his missionaries to the colony of Fort Dauphin, lately established by that monarch in the neighbourhood of the old Portuguese settlements.

The good Fathers laboured for a short time among the natives with considerable fruit, but most of them were soon cut off by the ravages of fever. Their places being at length supplied by fresh apostles, the work of the mission was resumed with ardour, and was giving every prospect of an abundant harvest, when it was suddenly broken off by an unforeseen disaster. Roused by the tyranny and exactions of the French Governor, the natives rose *en masse*, massacred a number of the colonists, and drove the remainder from the island. So complete was the evacuation of the French, that King Louis forbade any vessel sailing under his flag to touch upon a shore that had been so deeply stained with the blood of his countrymen.

In pursuance of a treaty concluded with the English Governor of the Mauritius, Protestant Dissenting ministers, sent by the London Missionary Society, were, in 1820, admitted into Madagascar and received with great favour at Tananarivo, the capital of the Hovas. The moment was favourable for the success of their enterprise, Radama the First, a prince of great intelligence, being anxious to encourage the English alliance, with the view of promoting commerce and introducing amongst his people the arts of civilized life. Under his auspices chapels and schools were erected throughout his dominions, and as long as their royal patron lived, the missionaries had no difficulty in filling them with worshippers and scholars. His death, eight years later, was followed by a change of policy. His widow, Ranavalona the First, who succeeded to the throne, was zealously attached to the customs and religion of her ancestors, and entirely opposed to the foreign innovations introduced by her late husband. After maintaining their ground for a few years longer, the missionaries were included in a general sentence of banishment which was extended to all Europeans, and everything reverted to its former state of barbarism.

Meanwhile an heroic effort had been made by a devoted

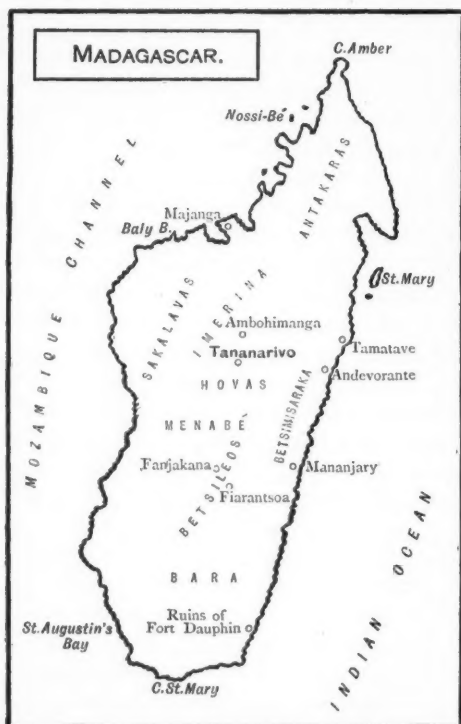


priest, M. de Solages, from the neighbouring island of Reunion (Bourbon), to sow the seeds of the true faith among the Malagasies. Having effected a landing upon the coast in 1832, he set out for Tananarivo, but was intercepted by the messengers of the Queen, who at the instigation of the English missionaries had sent strict orders to prevent his further progress. The royal commands were faithfully executed; he was cut off from all communication, and left to die of hunger in the miserable hut in which he had taken refuge. No sooner had he expired than his effects were pillaged and divided among the rabble.

The history of the holy martyr's cross, which became the spoil of one of the plunderers, is very remarkable. On the departure of M. de Solages from Reunion, he had entrusted the discharge of his duties as Prefect Apostolic to Father Dalmond. The latter secretly cherished in his heart the same desire of devoting his life to the conversion of the Malagasies, and his wishes became still more ardent when he received intelligence of the heroic death of the zealous missionary. While anxiously pondering upon the matter, he happened one day to encounter in the street a native of Madagascar of savage and forbidding aspect. Making up to him as if to accost him, the Malagasy drew something from beneath his robe, pressed it into the hand of the priest, and then, without uttering a single word, took to his heels and fled. On examining the object thus uncereemoniously forced upon him, Father Dalmond found it to be a beautiful silver cross, containing a precious relic of the wood of the True Cross. He at once recognized it as the property of the deceased prelate; it had served, no doubt, to console him in his last moments, and had been pressed to his dying lips. It seemed as if the venerable departed had sent it from beyond the grave as a message of encouragement to him who was destined to be his successor in his apostolic mission and to be honoured with the title of first Bishop of Madagascar.

It is not surprising that Father Dalmond was deeply affected by this strange event, and that it contributed greatly to confirm him in his generous resolution. Accordingly, having completed his arrangements for the discharge of his important duties at Reunion, he set out in 1837 on his missionary expedition, and landed in the little island of St. Mary, situated on the north-east coast of Madagascar. Here a French colony had been already established, but no effort had as yet been made to evangelize the natives, who numbered about six thousand. For three

succeeding years, at intervals, did the zealous priest labour amongst them, reaping abundant fruits in the conversion of several hundred souls, and laying the foundations of a flourishing



mission. In 1840, he commenced a similar work at Nossi Bé, a small island situated on the north-west coast; but he had here to contend against the jealousy of the Arab merchants, who raised a formidable opposition to the progress of the Gospel among the native inhabitants. The latter, however, manifested excellent dispositions, and when a year or two later the French took formal possession of the island, the work of conversion went on rapidly. Thus were two missionary outposts established on the borders of Madagascar, whence in after years numerous bands of apostolic labourers went forth to reap an abundant harvest upon the mainland.

The year 1844 marked a happy epoch in the history of Madagascar, for it witnessed the arrival on its shores of the

Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who were soon to become its sole apostles, and whose zealous labours God has since blessed with such consoling results. The good Father Dalmond, who now directed the mission with the title of Prefect Apostolic, was greatly rejoiced at the accession of such valuable coadjutors, and determined on making an effort to establish a mission upon the mainland, if we may be permitted so to style the shores of Madagascar in distinction to the smaller islands with which it is girt. For the scene of his enterprise he made choice of St. Augustine's Bay upon the south-west coast, which, lying in the path of the Pacific whalers, and being somewhat removed from the hostile influence of the Hovas, appeared to present peculiar advantages for the purpose. Accompanied by three Jesuit Fathers, he set out from Nossi Bé, and landed on the barren and desolate coast of St. Augustine, in the midst of a band of half naked islanders, who, armed with assegays, a species of light javelin, crowded round to receive them. The dispositions of the natives were, however, friendly, and as soon as the missionaries had announced to their leaders the object of their visit, a council was hastily summoned to discuss their proposal. At the hour appointed, the men who had assembled ranged themselves in a circle, squatting upon their heels; while a mat was spread for the chieftain at the door of his hut, and another at a little distance for the missionaries and the captain of the French vessel. As soon as all were seated, two slaves came forward, bearing jars of milk, which they courteously presented to the strangers. Father Dalmond was then invited to explain the object of his journey, and his discourse was listened to with the deepest attention. Then followed a lively argument among the orators of the tribe, who spoke with great earnestness, shouting and gesticulating with all their might. The result was satisfactory. The missionaries were invited to settle amongst them and it was proposed to ratify the agreement by the "compact of blood," the nature of which has been already described in our "Notes on the Equatorial Missions." Fearing, however, that this ceremony might contain something of a superstitious character, Father Dalmond proposed in its stead a treaty after the manner of the Europeans, by means of a written document signed and sealed by each of the contracting parties. The natives readily agreed, but after-events gave reason to suspect that they thought little of the binding effect of such a compact. In fact, after a few days their sentiments

in regard to the missionaries seemed to undergo an entire change. The appearance of a cloud of locusts coming from across the sea, and threatening to settle upon the island, so worked upon their superstitious minds, already prejudiced by the calumnies industriously spread against the Fathers by the captain of an American whaler, that the missionaries were obliged to abandon their first design and seek a settlement on another part of the coast a few miles distant. Here they took up their abode in a miserable hut erected on the bare sands. They were, however, kindly received by the natives, and on the following Sunday when they celebrated the Holy Sacrifice with all the solemnity in their power, the chief of the tribe with his family and many of his subjects were present, behaving with great reverence and decorum. Unhappily, the good dispositions of the people were not of long duration, and, after having suffered much from sickness, hunger, and other privations, with the daily anticipation of open violence, the missionaries were at length recalled by their superiors, who were anxious to preserve their valuable lives for fresh labours on a more fruitful soil.

The good Father Dalmond had now arrived at the close of his meritorious career. With the exception of the flourishing missions which he had established at St. Mary's and Nossi Bé, he had not during his lifetime the consolation of beholding the fruit of his unceasing labours. But he had accomplished a great work, for he had laid the foundations of the Malagasy church and had introduced into the harvest-field the devoted missionaries who were to reap the abundant crops of which he had scattered the first seeds. Having returned to his dear converts at St. Mary's, he was stricken down by fever and expired, in 1847, alone and unattended by any of his brethren. The Bulls for his episcopal consecration arrived from Rome shortly after his death, and upon his humble tomb were engraved these simple words, "Here rests Mgr. Dalmond, Prefect Apostolic of Madagascar and first Bishop Elect."

Among those who had worked side by side with Mgr. Dalmond in the island of Reunion, was a zealous priest named Monnet, who at the time of that prelate's death was absent in Europe. To him Pope Pius the Ninth now committed the charge of the infant mission of Madagascar, with the title of Bishop. Having received episcopal consecration, Mgr. Monnet with a devoted band of priests, set sail for Madagascar, but no sooner had he disembarked on the isle of St. Mary than he fell

ill and expired at the early age of thirty-seven. He was succeeded in his charge, but not in his episcopal office, by Father Jouen, S.J., who was invested with the title of Prefect Apostolic, and from that time the task of building up the church of Madagascar was committed entirely to the zealous sons of St. Ignatius.

During the interval which elapsed between the death of Mgr. Dalmond and the arrival of his successor, the Jesuit Fathers of Nossi Bé made an interesting excursion into the kingdom of Menabé, situated on the western coast of the main island, with the view of establishing a mission among the Sakalaves who people that region. Having provided themselves with suitable presents to offer to the Malagasy monarch and conciliate the good offices of his chieftains, Fathers Webber and Neyraguet set sail in a French coasting-vessel and landed at a small trading-station situated at the mouth of the river which leads up to the royal residence. Here they had the good fortune to meet with Iariari, the King's Prime Minister, who, charmed with the present of an accordion and a pair of sparkling crystal bracelets, which the Fathers placed upon his wrists, promised to conduct them on the following day into the presence of his master.

Early next morning they set out on their expedition, and by the help of a favourable breeze were able to ascend the rapid river with their little flotilla of canoes. At one time they passed amid dense and extensive forests, at another through fertile meadows clothed with fresh verdure, while, all along, the banks were covered with flocks of aquatic birds, and unwieldy crocodiles sported in the waters. After five hours' sail they at length arrived at the point where it became necessary to disembark and proceed on foot to the King's residence. Though laden with heavy packages, the natives proceeded at a pace which rendered it very difficult for the missionaries, exhausted as they were from want of food, and parched with thirst, to keep up with them. On reaching the village where the monarch resided, they dispatched a messenger to him to announce their arrival, and meanwhile were received beneath the shelter of a hut by the village chief. In a short time the King's sister made her appearance charged with the royal compliments and a commission to examine the intended gifts, that she might judge whether they were worthy of the acceptance of so great a potentate. The gifts having been approved of, a procession was

formed in the following order to the royal palace. First came slaves bearing on their heads an ornamental basket containing two silk robes, surmounted by a bracelet sparkling with jewels. Then followed others, carrying some gaudy handkerchiefs which they held unfolded and suspended by the corners. Next in order were the King's officers with a few bottles of wine, and last of all the Fathers, followed by the rest of the attendants, who marched in single file.

On arriving at the royal demesne, they found King Ravanango awaiting them under the shade of a large tamarind tree. A number of his officers stood around him armed with guns and assegays, while one of his slaves extended over his head an open parasol, another bore his pipes and tobacco-box, and a third held in his hand a glass and a bottle of arrack, the fermented drink of the country. To this fiery and intoxicating beverage the King was much addicted, and being then under its influence, he regarded his visitors with a stupid gaze, and muttered a few words which the interpreter failed to comprehend. Meanwhile the Prime Minister stepped forward, and acquainted the monarch with the object of the strangers' visit. They were not merchants, he said, come to trade, but travellers wishing to pay their respects to the King of Menabé. Their profession was that of teachers, anxious to reveal to the Sakalavas the art of reading and writing, and to inform them as to their future destiny. The King was in no condition to reply, the fumes of the arrack preventing him at first from collecting his ideas. His potations, however, being somewhat interrupted by his Minister's address and the presentation of the gifts, he began gradually to collect himself, and after partaking of the wine which the missionaries had brought, and which, by way of precaution, he required them to taste before him, he desired them to pledge him in a glass of arrack. The Fathers swallowed a few drops, but the King was not satisfied, and refilling the glass, requested Father Neyraguet to drink it off. The latter, not wishing to offend him, yet fearing to make himself ill with the nauseous beverage, received the glass and put it to his lips, but took an opportunity, when the King's eyes were turned, of handing it to one of the officers who stood behind him, and who had no scruple in draining it to the dregs.

Ravanango now invited the missionaries to enter the *lapa* or reception-hall, which stood upon a kind of terrace, and consisted of a large thatched roof supported by four columns. Here he



exhibited to his guests a barrel-organ, which had been presented to him by some French trader anxious to secure his favour, and, as soon as the Fathers were seated, he raised the lid and began to turn the handle. Being soon tired, he requested Father Webber to take his place, and the latter played in succession the whole round of tunes; but no sooner had he finished, than the monarch requested him to commence a second time. Charmed with the taste and precision with which the good priest discharged his task, the King accompanied him with voice and gesture, and required his favourite tunes to be repeated again and again, until the poor Father was bathed in profuse perspiration and appeared ready to drop with fatigue. If he paused but for a moment, the King in an angry voice ordered him to proceed. At length Father Neyraguet came boldly to the rescue, and seizing the handle of the instrument began to turn it vigorously. Perceiving the mistake which Father Webber had made, he adopted a plan which he considered likely to bring the performance to a conclusion. Regardless of all rules of time and of the character of the music, he began to play the slow and solemn tunes as rapidly as possible, while he transformed the quick and lively ones into something resembling a funeral march. The manœuvre was successful, for very soon the King, laying hold of his arm, cried out, "Enough, enough," and so indeed it was for all parties concerned. The missionaries, who had remained for many hours without refreshment, were overcome with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, aggravated by the sultry heat of the climate, while the King on his part had worked himself up to a dangerous pitch of excitement. At times, when a martial or patriotic air was played, he would draw his dagger, and leaping from his seat, would brandish it in the air or point it at the throats of his visitors, until his ministers gravely represented to him that he was acting with incivility towards his guests. He would then resume his seat for a while, to repeat the same mad antics the next moment of excitement.

Released at length from the fatiguing audience, the missionaries were conducted to the hut prepared for their reception. After a meagre meal, consisting only of a little rice boiled in water, they lay down to sleep upon the bed which had been made ready in a corner of the hut. It consisted simply of a few sticks crossing and re-crossing each other and supported on four stakes, but such was their extreme exhaustion that they would have slept soundly, had it not been for the mosquitoes

which made a continual onslaught upon them throughout the night.

On the following morning they were favoured with a second audience, in which the King appeared to greater advantage, having slept off the effects of the previous day's debauch. He now conversed with the missionaries upon the object of their visit, evinced great interest in their undertaking, and promised them his full countenance and protection. They considered, however, that no great reliance could be placed upon the professions of a savage who, besides being covetous, sensual, and an habitual drunkard, was also reported to be amenable to the influence of the Arab traders. The Fathers, notwithstanding, thanked the King, and after partaking of the breakfast which he had the thoughtfulness to offer them, rejoined Iariari, who had invited them to accompany him to his own residence. This prince, who was the King's relative, far surpassed Ravanango in amiability and intelligence. He was, moreover, the virtual ruler of the country and a devoted friend of the white man, circumstances which induced the missionaries to accept his invitation, though involving a serious amount of extra fatigue.

As the village where Iariari resided is situated on the same river which they had previously ascended, they returned to their canoes, and after four hours' sail arrived at the place of disembarkation. To reach their destination they had still before them a long and painful march through a wooded country, interspersed with vast meadows inundated with water where they were sometimes up to the knees in mire. Upon approaching the forest where the village lay, they halted, for Iariari was anxious to make certain preliminary arrangements calculated to produce an imposing effect upon the inhabitants. He accordingly formed his attendants into a procession which advanced in single file and with slow and solemn steps, while he himself with the missionaries followed in the rear. No sooner had he given the order to march, than taking into his hands the accordion which had been presented to him, he made the woods around re-echo with the most discordant notes. On hearing the unwonted noise, the villagers poured out from the neighbouring huts, and accompanied the procession to the market place, where Iariari, after inviting the missionaries to sit beside him on a carpet spread out for the purpose, harangued his people, explaining to them the object of the strangers' visit. He then conducted his guests to his own

abode, where he lavished on them every mark of hospitality, after which he permitted them to retire to the hut which had been set apart for their reception.

For a long time past Iariari had cherished an ardent desire to learn to read, but had never yet been able to meet with any white man who had time or patience to instruct him. The golden opportunity which now presented itself was too precious to be lost, and accordingly the whole of the next day, from early dawn until evening, was devoted to this exercise. As night drew on, two couriers arrived from the King, bringing an unexpected message for the missionaries, who were requested to return at once to the royal residence. In vain did they seek to elicit from the messenger some explanation of this untimely summons. Iariari, however, suggested what was probably true, that it was some sudden fancy of his master taken in the midst of his cups.

Fearing to provoke the King's displeasure by refusal or delay, Father Webber determined to return at once, leaving his *confère* to continue the reading lessons. He accordingly set out, though the darkness of the night was so great that he was compelled to take hold of the garments of his guide, lest he should lose his way amid the waste of mud and water which he was obliged to traverse. On arriving the following morning at the King's residence, he found that Ravanango had started on a distant journey to visit some wandering Arab who had landed on the coast. Though overcome with fatigue and prostrate from an attack of jungle fever, Father Webber, now thoroughly convinced of the capricious character of the African despot, lost no time in retracing his steps, and arrived the same evening, completely worn out, at the residence of the Prime Minister. Upon the following day the two missionaries took leave of the hospitable prince, and descending in a few hours the rapid river, reached the same evening the trading station where they had first disembarked, whence they soon after set out on their return to their head-quarters at Nossi Bè.

Among the Sakalava chieftains brought into relation with the French commandant, was the aged Rabouki, King of Baly, whose dominions lay on the western coast of Madagascar, considerably to the north of Menabé. Naturally amiable and intelligent, and a devoted friend of the white man, Rabouki was likely to prove a more reliable protector to the mission than the drunken and excitable Ravanango. For these reasons

it was that Father Jouen determined upon selecting Baly as the scene of a fresh enterprise, and having first assured himself by a personal visit of the favourable dispositions of the monarch, set out in the summer of 1853 to conduct the two Fathers whom he had chosen for the work to the field of their future labours.

Upon the arrival of the missionaries in Baly Bay, they found the natives in an extraordinary state of ferment, owing to the news of an approaching invasion of the Hovas. These warlike mountaineers who were gradually extending their dominion over the whole island, had in fact dispatched a numerous army to reduce into subjection the Sakalavas of Baly and the vicinity. The whole country was already in arms, and the Fathers on expressing their desire for an audience with the King, were informed that he was at that moment engaged in council with his chieftains. While awaiting admission into the royal presence, the visitors were invited to take their seats upon mats spread out at the entrance of the adjoining court. Around a great fire kindled in the centre were more than three hundred warriors, squatting upon their heels, with their javelins fixed in the ground before them and their guns resting against their shoulders. From their deep silence, interrupted only now and then by a few whispered words, it was easy to perceive that important affairs were in progress. The Hovas, they replied in answer to the Fathers, might be upon them that very night or on the morrow. The forces of the invaders amounted to six or seven thousand men, and they had also dispatched a fleet of vessels to watch the entrance of the bay. Meanwhile all the warriors of the tribe had assembled to repulse them.

After a short delay the missionaries were summoned into the presence of Rabouki. He was seated in his tent, surrounded by about a hundred men who composed his body guard and were armed to the teeth. Their savage forms, as beheld in the pale light of a half-extinguished lamp, gave to the scene a character of wildness sufficient to inspire terror; they seemed, in fact, not unlike a band of robbers holding council in their secret den. The most profound silence was observed by all. Rabouki was seated on a couch constructed of bamboo canes, and he invited Father Jouen to sit beside him. He assured him that his sentiments had undergone no change, and that he was most anxious to have the missionaries always with him to

instruct his people and train them in the arts of civilization. He then introduced him to his niece Saphy-Ambala, the princess of a neighbouring village, and a woman of remarkable courage and energy. She had come to consult with her uncle on some plan of mutual defence.

A day or two after the Fathers had been admitted to the royal audience, the Hova advance took place simultaneously both by land and sea. On entering the bay with vessels filled with warriors, they perceived the French frigate which had conveyed the missionaries to Baly, and concluding at once that it had been sent to the succour of the Sakalavas, they immediately turned and fled. Meanwhile a sharp fire of musketry was heard in the distance. It was the vanguards of the two armies which were encountering each other upon land.

As soon as news of the attack reached the village of Saphy-Ambala, she immediately ordered the alarm to be sounded by means of a large sea shell. In a few minutes the warriors were seen running up from all sides armed with guns and javelins, whilst the women and children, abandoning their villages, flocked to that of the Queen as to a common centre. Then began the ceremony of departure.

Forming themselves first into a circle, the soldiers sat down, conversing together upon the danger which threatened them and the measures necessary to be taken in defence. Meanwhile, the women, standing four deep, and with long wands in their hands, performed the prescribed dances, accompanying them with war songs. During this scene the Queen remained shut up in her tent, attended by one of the principal chieftains. Another chief then came forward and spread a mat upon the ground in the midst of the village, placing at each end of it a gun, beside which he deposited two plates filled with a white soil, while on the middle of the mat was laid a chafing-dish covered with burning embers. In front of this rude resemblance to an altar the warriors arranged themselves in a semi-circle, squatting upon their heels with their javelins stuck in the ground before them, their guns resting against their shoulders, and their hands raised together, with the palms spread open as if in an attitude of prayer. On the opposite side were seated the women in the same order, thus completing the entire circle. At a signal given by the striking of a tambour, which was suspended from the trunk of a tree, the Queen issued from her hut and advanced with slow and solemn steps into the midst of the assembly.

Having arrived in front of the altar, she stopped and turned towards the warriors. The chief who attended her, then placed in her hands a hatchet with a long black handle, which she at once began to brandish over and around her head. She then harangued the assembled warriors, encouraging them to fight manfully, and becoming more and more animated, uttered the most terrible imprecations against the Hovas, concluding with a prayer to Heaven for the success of her arms and the prosperity of her people. Her speech, delivered in a loud voice and with masculine energy, was listened to with profound attention. At the conclusion of it the warriors suddenly arose and, brandishing their arms, gave loud and prolonged cheers. The women immediately resumed their songs and dances. The two plates were then presented to the Queen, who, dipping her forefingers in their contents, marked with a white stroke, extending from the roots of the hair to the tip of the nose, all the warriors that were to be engaged in the combat, pronouncing at the same time these words, "Go, be brave and return alive." This ceremony being concluded, all the soldiers signed on the forehead set out on their expedition, and the Queen retired to her abode. Meanwhile, the dances were continued, and were renewed each day until the termination of the war. Happily this was not of long duration, for after a few day's fighting, with varied success, the Hova army withdrew from the territories of Rabouki.

Peace being now restored in the immediate neighbourhood, Father Jouen hastened to install his two missionaries in the temporary dwelling which he caused to be erected for them on the shores of the bay. It was on August 5, 1853, the feast of Our Lady ad Nives, that the new mission was formally inaugurated and placed under the special protection of the Immaculate Mother of God. The next important ceremony was to make the customary presentation to the monarch and his principal chiefs. The most precious and attractive articles among their goods were accordingly selected, and on the day appointed for the audience the Fathers set out for the abode of Rabouki, which was situated some nine or ten miles up the country. The monarch received them with great kindness in his *lapa*, or audience-pavilion, being surrounded by his principal courtiers. On this occasion they were fortunate enough to be witnesses of an interesting scene, namely, the arrival of a number of warriors who had taken part in the late conflict, and who presented themselves before the monarch to make a formal report of the



events in which they had been engaged. They were represented by an orator or spokesman, who related in graphic language the incidents of the combat, among other things how the Hovas had arrived before a certain village and cast into the houses explosive shells, which had utterly destroyed them, how the villagers had fled in a panic with their flocks into the neighbouring forest, and how among others the King's own son, Prince Drainy, considering prudence the best part of valour, had retired into the woods rather than face the cannon of the Hovas. The last mentioned fact, the recital of which certainly spoke well for the candour of the orator, reminded the Fathers of an amusing incident which had occurred a few days previously. The commander of the French frigate, wishing to compliment the King's eldest son, expressed his intention, before a number of the Sakalava warriors, of presenting the Prince with a large cavalry sword. The announcement excited a general laugh, and the missionaries were now able to understand the reason. No doubt his countrymen, knowing his peaceful and timid disposition, considered that the gift of a thimble and bodkin would be more appropriate.

The important ceremony of the presentation being satisfactorily concluded, the missionaries returned to their humble dwelling and, soon after, Father Jouen, having bid adieu to his two *confrères*, and committed them to the care of the ever-Blessed Queen of the Apostles, set out on his return to Nossi Bé.

The favourable dispositions manifested by Rabouki towards the new comers, and the zeal with which he strove to remove the prejudices of his subjects and of the neighbouring chieftains, appeared to augur well for the success of the undertaking. The life of the aged monarch was, however, drawing to a close, and his daughter Otsinjo, who succeeded to the throne, adopted an entirely different policy. The missionaries were now subjected to every species of annoyance, continual obstacles were thrown in the way of their undertaking, and secret plots formed for their assassination. On two or three occasions they only escaped the lance, the bullet, or a dose of poison, by a special Providence of God. At length, after more than five years of labour and suffering, their mission was brought to a premature close by a sudden catastrophe. A quarrel having broken out between the Sakalavas and certain French traders, the exasperated natives committed atrocities which called for speedy

and exemplary punishment. A French man-of-war was sent to the spot, and the commander, before proceeding to extremities, dispatched a troop of marines to rescue the Fathers from their dangerous position. In fact, there was barely time to reach the boats when they were pursued by a shower of bullets, which happily inflicted no injury. Within a few hours, the village which had so long been the scene of their labours, but which had turned a deaf ear to the tidings of salvation, was burnt to the ground by order of the commandant, and the good Fathers, with sorrowful hearts, turned their backs upon the ungrateful soil which they had striven in vain to cultivate for their Divine Master.

Meanwhile, Divine Providence was preparing events for the introduction of the missionaries into Tananarivo, the great central city of Madagascar, whence the light of the Gospel might be more easily diffused throughout the length and breadth of the island. This was brought about by the agency of a worthy French settler, named M. Laborde.

It was in the year 1831, that M. Laborde first set foot in Madagascar. Cast by shipwreck on its shores in journeying from India to Mozambique, he lost by this disaster all that he possessed, having embarked his whole fortune in the merchandize with which the vessel was freighted. Destitute and friendless when he landed at Tamatave, he was kindly received by a French merchant, M. de Lastelle, who soon after recommended him to the notice of Ranavalona the First. The Queen, who was at that time anxious to procure the services of some one able to instruct her people in the arts and mechanical inventions of Europe, welcomed him to the capital and entrusted to his charge this important mission. Nor was she disappointed in the result. No one, in fact, could have been better fitted for the office, for M. Laborde had been gifted with great inventive genius, and possessed at the same time extraordinary energy, combined with indomitable perseverance. In a short time he succeeded in establishing on a large scale manufactories of paper, cloth, pottery, glass, and iron, which by their wonderful success not only established his own reputation as a man of universal talent, but secured for him considerable influence at Court and a high position in the royal favour. As a proof of this, it may be remarked that in 1835, when the English missionaries were banished from the island and all foreign religions prohibited under pain of death, M. Laborde [was the

only European who succeeded in retaining his position at the capital and preserving the Queen's favour. Her son Rakoto, the heir to the throne, regarded him with the reverence and affection of a child towards a parent, and was accustomed to salute him by the name of father. M. Laborde, on his side, loved Rakoto as a son, and spared no pains to instil into his heart those noble and generous sentiments which might fit him to occupy the throne of a great nation. To succeed more fully in this object, and at the same time to open out a way for the future evangelization of the island, the worthy Frenchman sought to secure the co-operation of the Jesuit missionaries, whom he knew to have been for some time located in Nossi Bé, and to have lately formed an establishment at Baly. It was not difficult for him to inspire the young Prince with similar sentiments and to excite in his mind an ardent desire of beholding and conversing with those apostolic men whose wisdom, virtue, and piety, M. Laborde never ceased to extol in presence of his royal pupil.

Meanwhile, the news of the missionary establishment at Baly, had reached the ears of Ranavalona and had excited her most lively indignation. Far from imitating the generous sentiments of her son in regard to the strangers, she determined to effect, at all costs, their immediate expulsion. As her authority was not yet acknowledged by the Sakalavas with whom they were settled, she saw no other way of carrying her design into execution than by the dispatch of an armed force with the double object of reducing the natives to submission and expelling their visitors. The Sakalavas, however, defended themselves with courage, and the expedition proved unsuccessful. Rakoto, aware of the dispositions of his mother, had in the meantime dispatched in all haste a party of six trusty Hovas, former pupils of the English missionaries, for the purpose of communicating with the Fathers. To these messengers he intrusted a letter warning the missionaries of their danger, but expressing his own pleasure at their arrival in the country, and his desire to enter into relations with them. After pursuing a circuitous and unfrequented route, with the double view of eluding the vigilance of the Queen's officers, and escaping the fury of their natural enemies, the Sakalavas, they at length arrived in the neighbourhood of Baly. Scarcely, however, had they reached the term of their journey, than they were taken prisoners and sold as slaves. Three of them, bearing the letter

of the Prince, were purchased by a French captain, whose vessel, on the return voyage to Reunion, touched at Nossi Bé, where the captives fell under the notice of Father Finaz, at that time Prefect Apostolic of the smaller islands. To him they delivered the letter addressed to the missionaries at Baly, and the good Father lost no time in securing their freedom and sending in search of their companions. Two of the latter were fortunately discovered in the service of a native Princess and were redeemed from captivity. The five rescued messengers were then conducted to Reunion and received for a time into the home, established by the Jesuit Fathers for the education of Malagasy children, which is known by the name of La Ressource. Here they were carefully instructed in Catholic doctrine, baptized and admitted to the sacraments. Their instruction completed, they were restored to their royal master by Father Jouen, when shortly afterwards he was able to effect his entrance into the capital. Thus did the fury of the pagan Queen and her efforts to secure the expulsion of the missionaries, become, through the Providence of God, the means of bringing them into communication with the future King, and introducing them into the capital.

Meanwhile, the Jesuit Fathers had lost no time in conveying to Prince Rakoto an assurance of the safety of his envoys and an expression of their own desire to wait upon him at Tananarivo and to devote themselves to the instruction of his people. An opportunity happily presented itself in the approaching visit of a French merchant, M. Lambert, to the capital. This worthy Christian offered, of his own accord, to take with him any one of the Fathers who might be selected for the mission. It was necessary, however, to procure a royal order for the admission of two strangers, a matter attended with some difficulty owing to the suspicious jealousy of Ranavalona. The influence of M. Laborde was equal to the occasion, and upon June 13, 1855, Father Finaz, under the assumed name of M. Hervier, a French physician, and in company with M. Lambert, entered Tananarivo, the capital of the province of Imerina and the seat of the Hova Government.

It may be imagined with what joy the two travellers were received by M. Laborde, who lavished upon them the most generous and affectionate attentions. His house, situated in the public square of Andohalo and commanding a magnificent view of the vast plain of Mahasima, the Champs de Mars of

Tananarivo, became from that moment the cenaculum of the infant Church. Here were the strangers visited on the night after their arrival by the young Prince, who received them with the warmest welcome, here were the first seeds of Catholic truth scattered in the hearts of the numerous visitors who flocked to salute them, and here too, a few days after, did the Divine Victim descend for the first time upon the altar in the midst of this great and populous capital. This happy event took place in secret and before sunrise, in the upper chamber of a summer-house, the entrance to which was carefully guarded. Rakoto himself, who earnestly desired to be present at the first celebration of the Christian Mysteries, formed one of the little audience, consisting only of seven persons. Such was the beginning of the Church at Tananarivo, where now the faithful are counted by thousands and Catholic worship is, nominally at least, free and unrestricted. At the time we speak of, the bitter hostility of the Queen necessitated the exercise of extreme prudence, and though by degrees fresh missionaries were introduced, under various incognitos, into the family of M. Laborde, and the work of conversion was carried on within certain limits, the greatest secrecy was observed and the Holy Sacrifice was always celebrated with the same precaution.

Two years had thus elapsed when a terrible storm burst over the infant Church. A royal decree was issued ordering the immediate expulsion from the island of every European, not even excepting M. Laborde, the tried friend of the Queen and the great benefactor of the Hova people. As it was impossible under these circumstances to continue their apostolic work, the Fathers withdrew for a time to their missions at St. Mary's and Nossi Bé, awaiting the moment when Divine Providence should again open to them so extensive and promising a field of labour. Meanwhile, the kindly disposition manifested towards them up to the last by the heir apparent and his wife the Princess Rabodo, inspired them with favourable hopes for the future. The following little incident which occurred shortly before the expulsion of the missionaries will not we believe prove uninteresting to our readers.

Among those who had been able to penetrate to the capital in disguise through the instrumentality of M. Laborde, was Father Jouen. One evening after dusk he was surprised by receiving a visit from the Princess Rabodo, who came to announce that on the following morning she would bring to him

her adopted child, the young Prince Ratahiri, that he might impose a name upon him according to a custom of the country. After retiring to rest Father Jouen lay for some time awake, racking his memory to find a name which might secure for the child a powerful protector in Heaven and at the same time prove acceptable to his royal parents. At length the happy thought struck him that the name of the Archangel St. Raphael would combine both advantages. It must be borne in mind that in the Malagasy language the prefix *Ra* like the *De* in French is a token of nobility. What could be a more suitable appellation for the royal child than the name of one of the Princes of the Heavenly Court and of one, moreover, whose special province is to guide aright the steps of those committed to his care on the perilous path of life?

Full of these thoughts, the good priest fell into a profound sleep, from which he was awakened at an early hour by the arrival of Rakoto and Rabodo, accompanied by a nurse bearing in her arms a boy of fourteen months old, who was enveloped in a rich robe of purple silk. "See here," said Rabodo, "is your little godchild. By what name do you wish him to be called?" "From this day," replied Father Jouen, "he shall be called *Raphael*. It is the name of one of the glorious princes of the heavenly kingdom, and signifies *the Divine Medicine*. This name will remind him of his godfather, who first penetrated into Tananarivo under the character of a physician. It will also be a remembrance of my earnest desire that he may one day apply a remedy to the evils of the nation, by spreading among them the light of the true religion, and the blessings of civilization." At the request of Rakoto, a record of the ceremony was committed to writing, and attested by witnesses, after which the Prince and his wife departed, highly satisfied with the result of their visit.

It will not be out of place here to record a single instance, among many, of the noble and generous dispositions of Prince Rakoto and his tender sympathy with the suffering and afflicted.

It happened that five Europeans arrested on the coast upon the charge of engaging native labourers were brought up for trial to the capital. The Prince no sooner heard of their arrival than he went to see them, in defiance of the customs of the country and the express commands of the Queen. At the sight of the prisoners, worn out with the fatigue of their long march, burnt up with the heat of a broiling sun and consumed by a wasting fever, without



linen, shoes, and almost without clothes to cover them, he burst into tears, tenderly embraced them, and taking off his own shoes with a command to his attendants to do the same, forced the captives to accept them. Nor was this all, for having provided the strangers with a plentiful meal and encouraged them to hope for the best, he left them deeply moved by such a reception and hastened to plead their cause with his royal mother. It was not without difficulty that he obtained their pardon, but his earnest and repeated prayers at length triumphed over all resistance. A trifling fine was all that was imposed, which M. Laborde hastened to discharge. Rakoto himself conveyed the happy news to the captives, and when they quitted the capital to return to their own country, it was he, along with a few friends, who furnished them with the clothing, provisions and money necessary for their journey.

Such noble instances of generosity and sympathy for the sufferings of others afforded a happy augury for the future government of the kingdom, and many looked forward hopefully to the day when the stern, superstitious, and inhospitable Ranavalona should be gathered to her fathers, and Rakoto, whose benevolence and natural endowments had already made him the idol of the people, should occupy the throne of Madagascar.

H. GIBSON.

## *The Lady of Raven's Combe.*

### CHAPTER XL.

HE who does what he means does well and feels contented, if the thing meant be good ; but when the intention is questionable, the deed bad, the success doubtful, and failure dangerous, the next few hours are burdensome.

"They also serve," says Milton, "who only stand and wait."

Which is true at dinner-time, and also applies to maids of honour, but not to Crayston at this time. His waiting served no one. Not himself, since all depended on Lady Maud ; not the Stranger, who was dependent on him ; not Lady Maud, inasmuch as his only way of doing that would have been to undo what he waited to accomplish. Could it serve him as an example ? By no means ; for knowledge on their part and disposition on his were entirely wanting.

Nevertheless, he had never made himself more agreeable than during that period of suspense, which lasted and lasted, and showed no signs of not lasting. What was he to do ? Ask for the answer which he had asked Lady Maud not to give now ? What length of time, circumstances considered, would that unlucky "now" be interpreted to include ? He had met her since in society—for the "now" was at present three days after his very special pleading—but in spite of subtle questionings and indirect appeals, elicited nothing. Had she quite understood him ? Phenomenal uniformity appeared to show that she had and had not. If countenance is credible as a rule, so is manner ; and the one denied now what the other had affirmed then, unless—but no ! Surely she had not, could not have somehow caused herself to forget it ! He must indeed have been—

Cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears

before he thought of that. But doubts and fears have a way

of being saucy when a proud man feels diminished and objects to the feeling, as Crayston did.

Another day passed, and he met her again, but made no progress in his quest. Was this poetic justice for the rational egoism that he had practised on Lady Ledchester? Yet surely he had squared the altruistic account since then, by bringing old Pitmore to luncheon and sending him to the bazaar. It was true that, being questioned by old Pitmore about Lady Maud, he had equivocated a little; but if he had not done that, perhaps old Pitmore would have become less obstinate, and the half-betrothed quite betrothed; and then that difficulty, which he regarded as his opportunity, would not have befriended him. Besides, old Pitmore was so obstinate, that it probably made no difference; and if it did, how could Lady Ledchester know that Crayston had equivocated? Should he try to know whether she knew what Lady Maud was appearing to forget? If he could find out that, he would know what to do, or—not to do. This was a prudent plan, and the only one, to boot. But the alternative, to do or not to do, betroubled him; for the second member of the disjunctive seemed the more probable. Suppose Lady Ledchester, being under constraint of truth, should kindly counsel him to "think no more about it! . . . and forget to remember to abstain from confidential disclosures!"

He was a subtle man, but not equal to this occasion. There was no way out that he could see, except one that likened him unpleasantly to the fox who left his brush in a trap. But the fox had not made his trap, and Crayston had: whereat, when he thought of it, his dignity was the more offended.

Of course Lady Maud had neither forgotten his words, nor mistaken them—none but a proud man troubled with saucy doubts and fears, could have imagined that she had—and of course Lady Ledchester was not likely to let herself be ignorant of what had occurred. But Lady Maud, though she had not forgotten his proposal, wished him to suffer a little loss of memory, so far as it might include any recollections of hoping; and she regulated her manner according to that wish.

We can, if we will, understand more or less, the trials and struggles of others. Duty to our neighbours requires it, and common sense, instructed by a little self-knowledge, can show the way. But some cases are like bodily pains, which cannot be represented exactly. Who could mirror in imagination the

state of Lady Maud at that time? To say that we did would be the equivalent of showing that we did not, knew not how to begin, and, by no means within our capacity, could ever guess beyond the surface of it. If the doctrine of a universal soul, as propounded by Averroes and others, were true, we ought, by right of identity, to know more about others; and, as we do not, the existence of the universal soul is the less apparent. On the other hand, if the intellectual soul spins itself out of sentient life by intuition of being, as another theory maintains, one fails to see how it becomes intellectual; for how can anything give what it has not? and how can intellect be contained in sensation, or intue before it exists? But since most of us, however, go to our graves without any consciousness of having stared ourselves into an intellectual state, or of enjoying a soul-monopoly in which we should be at once the monopolists and the monopolized, and have the advantage of being intellectually and morally one with St. Paul, Heliogabalus, Voltaire, and the King of the Cannibal Islands, we may leave both doctrines to be explained by those who care to do so and think they can. True it is, that no one could reproduce in knowledge what Lady Maud endured in fact.

There was pain of loss, pain of discord, pain of conflict; and though, in itself, the pain of loss was hardly susceptible of more, it could and it did admit other trials, external to itself, trials that puzzled her conscience, wearied her will, and broke her spirit by depriving endurance of its motive. The pain of discord needs no comment. One feels its meaning in the fact that Crayston had offered himself where the Stranger yet lingered as a dream having its own reality. She would have borne that without much effort, at least after he had gone; but the pain of conflict was to come, and it came in this way:—

Lady Ledchester had been confirmed in her suspicion when Crayston, after his luncheon-party at the villa, took occasion to lament the tyranny of circumstances and the troublous discrepancies of birthdays; but they pointed to nothing more than a sentimental regret. When, in the month of June, he made a half-confession of religious growth, and addressed it to Lady Maud with a deference never yet shown by him to any one, she began to ask herself whether “he really could——” But he came again and showed the same deference; and Lady Maud, who simply was hoping to help him in his apparent wish to be a Christian, seemed interested. After awhile, he came, as we

know, once too often, when she, returning from Aldershot, met him as he came from the house, and then saw Lady Maud. She said nothing then, but thought of both her daughters, wept over their sorrows bitterly, and, comparing the two, felt more keenly than ever the bitterness of her position. The day passed, and another, and another; and Crayston, whom we left lamenting and resenting the possible and probable loss of his metaphorical tail in a trap of his own make, decided that he had better be refused than unanswered. Therefore, slamming the door of his house in Clarges Street as a protest against the capricious behaviour of circumstances, he turned his toes towards Grosvenor Square, having first ascertained by proof of sight that Lady Maud was out, and by late experience that Lady Edith was never to be seen except where the half-betrothed was. He found Lady Ledchester at home, and she found him out: that is to say, she saw at once why he had come.

"I am thankful to see you," he said.

"I know that," she thought; "and I only wish that I could say as much without a terrible reservation."

Said Crayston, "The fact is, I am at my wit's end about that—but I must go to America for a word—that old 'cuss.' And yet how the words jar! His conduct is a heavy farce, and its consequences a tragedy. He came to my house this morning, and stayed more than an hour. I could do nothing with him. He only repeated the old story over and over again. I told him that his ridiculous notion about influence was a cruel injustice to Lady Edith, a cruel insult. 'It amounts to this,' I said, 'that no one can be trusted to believe anything without being shut up. Society would be impossible, and the thing preserved would not be worth preserving.' He only grunted; and when I pressed him further, he went away, saying that he never changed his opinion. There is nothing more fatal than folly, no one so tyrannical as a fool, no oppression equal to his. You can't persuade him, for he has neither intellect nor common sense. You can't influence him—he is too full of himself. You can't compel him by moral coercion, because he is socially independent and mentally obtuse."

"Maud," said Lady Ledchester, "is going to Italy, I think, with the Ardens. They start next month, and will be away some time."

Crayston sighed and was silent.

"Yes—all the winter," said she; and then there was more

silence. He began to seem as if he were going, yet not otherwise than he would have seemed if he had expected her to say something more.

"Naples, I suppose, is far enough," said she.

Crayston bowed his head and answered "Yes" in a tone of conditional assent.

"They really can't go to Australia," said she, trying to smile, "and at present there is no way of travelling to the moon."

"I suggested to him some time ago," said Crayston, "the remedy you speak of, but (I grieve to say) without any effect. His answer was that people get tired sometimes and come home."

"Well, but what *does* he want?"

"That which depends on the uncontrollable—or, at least, *ought*, according to justice and wisdom and prudence. We may help nature to find its own, point out guarantees of happiness that accident has obscured; but the final decision is false in principle and fatal in practice, if the reason of it is not in her heart whose lips utter it. The answer *may* not be a wise one—she *may* refuse or put to silence the words of one who could make her happy if she would—but, as it is, however it is, there it is, whatever may come of it. What *can* I do for you and—yours? What would I not do, if the power that is in me were not bound!"

He rose and stood before her for a moment without speaking, then he grasped her hand quickly, and as quickly withdrew his.

"Good-bye," he said, "if I should be unable to find you at home again before I leave London. I am going to—I hardly know where at present. Wherever I go—and I have no preference now—I will write after awhile to show that I am somewhere. Good-bye. Thank you for all the friendship and kindness that I have so long valued and ever shall."

He turned away slowly with a gesture of effort and pain, as if struggling to go yet longing to stay.

"Why need you go?" said Lady Ledchester.

"Because London is practically too small. I cannot remain without showing myself; nor show myself without either going into society or making myself, and perhaps others, conspicuous; nor go into society without meeting one whom I had better not meet."

"But why go abroad?" said Lady Ledchester.



"What can I do?" he answered. "All my friends know that I dislike watering-places and cockneyfied lakes. If I stay in England some of them will ask some one else what made me go there, and some other will have noticed that I have come here oftener than—in prudence I ought. It would be a disadvantage. I am not thinking of myself. I am sure you will believe that I am not doing that."

"I do believe it," said Lady Ledchester. "I do indeed. But why not go to Marlton, where your home is? They know that you are building at Abbot's Hill. Why not go and look over the building? That would prevent any remarks, and give a reason for your leaving town early. I wish you would."

Crayston was again silent, and appearances betokened a struggle.

"I wish you would," she repeated.

"I would indeed," said he, "if it were possible. You know that I would. I would if there were a shadow of hope. Can you say that there is?"

"How can I? Has she told you there was not?"

"No. That is, I thought I had been too sudden, and I asked her *not* to say then. I have waited."

"Waited and said nothing?"

"What could I do?" he said. Just then Lady Ledchester's carriage was announced.

"Well, I shall not go out of town just yet," said Crayston, and he left the room. When he had gone, Lady Ledchester having sent away the carriage, began to think; and so did Crayston, as he went back to Clarges Street. On his way out, he met old Pitmore riding the small cart-horse.

"Have you been *there* again?" said old Pitmore, laughing fatly. Crayston let him laugh, but seemed as if he had not heard.

Lady Ledchester was now alone in a crowd, not of human beings, but of thoughts and images and appeals. Her heart was torn, her judgment paralyzed. The fate of her two daughters depended on the decision of one; and that decision, having no earthly hope to guide it, might depend on herself. But if it might, it was to her as if it certainly did; and if it did, she must advise, try to influence, make herself an advocate on one side or the other—an advocate of what? She burst into tears, and, for awhile, was unable to think at all; but the question weighed on her, and both sides of it appealed again. Did the

interests of Lady Maud and Lady Edith really exclude one another? Crayston, she thought, had almost everything in him that was likely to attract Lady Maud, as things were—almost, very nearly.

"He really is attractive," she thought; and a smile shone through her tears. "He *does* look so much less than his age—he really does—and he has grown almost handsome."

"I believe Crayston is going to turn," said Lord Ledchester, coming into the room. "I met him just now, walking with a priest. But there it is! When people leave the good old ways, and take to agnosticism and ritualism, there is no saying where they will end."

"Wouldn't it be better than not believing anything?" she said.

"No," said he, "because they can't believe it."

"What do people do it for, then?" she asked. "They don't get anything by it."

"Because they choose to do so," he answered. And then he went away.

"It *must* be a Catholic, or no one," thought Lady Ledchester. "And who is there that she would tolerate? He is *almost* what one could wish—as near as things will allow. Should I be justified in advising against it, or in keeping silence, which comes to the same thing?"

She was not quite convinced, but Crayston was that she would be; for he reckoned on the Stranger's disgrace, the position of Lady Edith and the pathos that he had put into his own indirect appeal. He felt nervous with regard to Lady Maud; but his position had a certain strength in it, owing to the weakness of hers. Her crushing disappointment in the Stranger; her sister's helpless dependence on that one decision; her own intolerable consciousness of being a burden, a discordant element, a bringer of evil in her father's house; and the strong desire that she had, as he well knew, to save a soul whose future might be represented as instrumentally depending on her, were powerful aids, if used with discretion. He had no doubt of their power, nor of his own ability to use them: but suppose they failed? He rejected the idea, but it followed him about, attended by saucy doubts and fears.

## CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN Crayston's butler, otherwise Giacomo, received a whack from a stout guardian of game in the sometimes balmy month of May, two months before doubts and fears were saucy to Crayston, he felt the smart as well as the indignity. Some people would say that he felt not the whack where it was, but in the brain, and Cabanis would have told him that certainly the impression had been carried through the nerves to the brain, like food into the stomach, was there digested, and sent back again as an idea. Giacomo, however, was orthodox on that point, feeling quite sure about the seat of the sensation; and he continually invoked evil on all who had any connection with Netherwood. Mrs. Hopkins had never heard of the whack, nor would it have caused any resentment in her if she had; but she did the evil that Giacomo had invoked. Freville Chase was in imminent peril of passing from its rightful owner beneath a cloud of calumny. This last blow had not yet fallen on Lord de Freville; but the first was enough. Character and good works had lost their power. Tradition was broken, and the past interpreted in accordance with the present as it seemed. Even Sir Roger Arden shook his head in private, and believed him to be conscientiously in the wrong. Lord Ledchester believed that he was a "very good fellow, and conscientious, and all that, but under the thumb of the priests, who want, of course, to get something out of Netherwood." The majority condemned him without reservation.

A week after the indirect appeal of Crayston from his vantage-ground, Mrs. Hopkins took a short holiday to see "her friends." The friends were Giacomo, who would be the better for being looked up, and a certain lawyer, whom she wanted to consult on her own account. Colonel Claverock rejoiced, as any one would in his place. The servants at Raven's Combe echoed the rejoicing, though they had no definable cause of complaint against her. No one else cared whither she went, except Giacomo, who wished her to be nowhere.

Late in the day, Giacomo, standing on the steps of his master's house in Clarges Street, saw the corkscrew curls coming towards him, and heard the very familiar sound of her voice. While she was talking to him outside, some one turned the corner of Curzon Street, fixed on him for an instant a pair of

the saddest eyes that ever looked, and hurried on unseen by either. Crayston, who was dressing to dine at Lord Ledchester's, looked out of a window just then, saw the corkscrew curls, remembered the two meetings in the wood, and laughed. He cared for nothing now, but the issue of his appeal. Passionately deliberate, he had broken the bridge behind him, passionately defied the blind fate in which he had hitherto believed, and grimly contemplated the prospect of seeking admission into the Church.

"Why not?" he thought. "There is as much truth in it as in anything else, and there is no harmony in a mixed marriage."

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#### CHAPTER XLII.

QUITE naturally Lord de Freville was accused by some people of having cheated Leofric to please the priests, who, on the Catholic principle of doing evil that good may come, had encouraged him with advice and absolution. The indictment seems rather strong when put into such plain English, and sounds very funny in connection with the true Catholic doctrine on that point; yet some believed it, some nearly did, some said they did; and at length somebody wrote an anonymous letter, telling him that everybody would. Whether this was the work of a modest friend, or of Mrs. Hopkins, is unknown up to the present time; but it came one morning in company with others, and among them was one from Dr. Ranston.

"If trouble," said Lord de Freville, laying the letter before his wife, "sifts one's friends and leaves very little wheat when the chaff is out, it has, I think, tested still more the value of their judgments in our own case. Many of them seem to give me credit for meaning to do right—he says so here, you see—but no one, as far as I can make out, except himself and Father Merivale, see that we couldn't in conscience act otherwise than as we are acting."

"Father Merivale gave us a reason for that," answered Lady de Freville, "when he said that 'most people judge by results only, and when they see harm done, forget to inquire whether it could have been justly avoided, because they can't lay firm hold of a principle.' Dr. Ranston can, and here he speaks of it."

I should have profited little [he writes] by the advantage of knowing your brother so well, if I failed in distinguishing right from wrong in

this case. You made a solemn promise to Sir Richard, which you certainly would break, were you to make over Netherwood to Mr. Dytchley, as he is. Nothing could justify you in doing that. There must be some very dirty trick somewhere: or how could the report of contrary instructions from him have got about? I feel convinced that some one has tried it on, perhaps in hopes of getting money for the information. The pressure of opinion brought to bear against you is curious. . . .

"I have thought so often," said Lady de Freville. "It is just what that dreadful Italian, the 'woman of the middling countenance,' might have tried to do if she had got hold of a clue. But nobody has seen her since a year and a half ago, and her face is known well enough."

"Yes," said Lord de Freville, "she would not venture to come into this part of the country again. She can have nothing to do with it."

"But what is this about Maud?" said Lady de Freville.

Lady Ledchester sent for me [he says] a few days ago, to see Lady Maud, and I have attended her every day since. Her state is alarming and beyond my art. I fear she will not live long. She is to be married to-morrow to Mr. Crayston, who is to be received into the Church the same day. The wedding is to be strictly private. No one is invited to it. The reason given is that an aunt of Mr. Crayston's has just died abroad. I never heard of his being related to any one. The report going about is that she cares for Mr. Dytchley, but I cannot believe that.

"I don't like it," said Lord de Freville.

"I don't like it at all," said his wife, "and I don't believe that she could ever care for Leofric. It must be somebody else—the Stranger, I am certain. What can have become of him? It is so odd that he never came to be received into the Church, after appointing the day and hour. There must have been some extraordinary pressure."

"I don't believe a word that anybody may say against him," said Lord de Freville, "and I don't care about appearances. But there is no time to lose. What can we do?"

"Suppose you were to try at Peveridge Bay," said she. "It is just possible they might know something about him."

"I will be off there at once," he answered. "If that fails, there is nothing to be done; and probably it will fail, or do harm. I can't help it. I must run the risk, for her sake as well as for his. I can't stand by quietly and see her victimized like that."

He rang the bell and said, "I shall want Shooting Star in half an hour."

"You are off early," said Father Merivale, coming in.

"Yes—what a curious world it is!" answered Lord de Freville, taking up Dr. Ranston's letter. "All the out-of-the-way things have crowded into this neighbourhood."

"Sometimes they do," said Father Merivale; "and one of them I have just heard. The Stranger has turned up at last. He is at Peveridge Bay, in a fisherman's house. I have had a letter from him this morning. He says nothing about himself, but he wants to see me."

"Come, then, this morning, if you can. I am going there presently."

"Any other day; but the school inspector comes this morning. Tell him that certainly I will come."

"I will; and could you come to dinner? I have a great deal to tell you. I am puzzled and suspicious about my own affairs and other people's, and I don't see my way. I seem to be pursued by out-of-the-way things. I thought I had done with them when Everard had shown who I am. It seems now that I can't make people believe what I am."

"You are doing your duty," said Father Merivale, "and your cause is in the hands of God, who always rights the wronged, but in His own way and in His own time. You have done nothing to bring this trouble on yourself, and omitted nothing that could have prevented it; and if a misapprehension, for which one can't hold everybody unaccountable, has made you the proximate cause, what did the Jews assert of our Lord, and Imperial Rome of the martyrs? Let it be your comfort that you are suffering in your degree for the same eternal principle that made the martyrs go to martyrdom—the principle of sacrificing self to the will of God."

"I tell him," said Lady de Freville, "that the out-of-the-way things he speaks of must come to an end soon, and this among them."

"They have come together so," said Lord de Freville. "It isn't like real life at all."

"It is, though," said Father Merivale, as he was leaving the room. "If you could poll the experience of all the world's inhabitants, and make up the result, you would find that sequences of the sensational are not so very uncommon. Exceptional things do happen, as we know; and they must



happen to some people; and those people must be somewhere at some time. Why shouldn't the exceptional things happen to follow each other quickly in the same neighbourhood, just as misfortunes and illness do sometimes in the same person, and early deaths in the same family? My own experience of places and people has been a small one in number, and yet I have seen curious instances myself. But they come to an end, and then they go somewhere else. You remember the man in *Peter Simple*, who, when a shot struck the ship, shoved his head into the shot-hole, because the odds (he said) were so many millions to one against another shot coming there."

He went away, and Shooting Star was brought to the door. Soon afterwards Lord de Freville went out, and his wife with him.

"Don't expect me till you see me," he said to her, as he mounted his horse. "If I am unsuccessful at Peveridge Bay, I may have to go on to Greenhaven."

Shooting Star was a bright chesnut, hot and wiry, who had a habit of taking the bit between his teeth, keeping it there, more or less, and going at his own pace as long as he chose to do so. He was an inconvenient horse to ride, and Lord de Freville intended to sell him as being rarely suitable to occasion, but, inasmuch as he always pulled up at a gate in a road, or a house before him, and was usually guidable to either, he answered the present purpose.

"I wish you would sell him," said Lady de Freville.

"I will," he said; "but he really is quite safe, and the poor Stranger has no time to lose. There is no harm in his way of going, only it looks odd."

It did look odd, for Shooting Star shot across the courtyard almost as rapidly as his namesake in the sky, and clattered under the archway of the gatehouse like Lord Marmion's charger when

The ponderous grate behind him rung.

It was not easy to turn him the way he had to go, but, when there, he went straight at his own pace. This abnormal state of things continued until he had left nearly five miles of road between him and Freville Chase, when he pulled less and began to settle down. At the end of eight miles, when they approached the steep hills above Peveridge Bay, he was contented to go at a trot, up and down hill, to the village; but in the grass he bolted again.

"This horse has no notion of economy," said Lord de Freville to himself. "His fore-legs wouldn't last three years along the roads of this country, and no one could ride him with hounds. He would be continually sworn at."

The horse went on, took two hedges, regardless of the hard ground, and made for the coastguard station.

"By what the Stranger told me," thought Lord de Freville, pulling him gradually round, "Mick lives up there."

"What's this about?" thought Mick, who was mending a net near the back door. "Is the baste coming inside?"

The horse, according to his custom, acknowledged the authority of a building in front, and stopped at the door. Lord de Freville at once asked for the Stranger.

"Mr. Crayston lives over the hill, I think, when he's at home, sorr," said Mick.

"I don't mean him," said Lord de Freville. "I mean a much younger man—the one who was here in the beginning of last November. He came with you from Greenhaven, and you were caught in a gale."

Mick scratched his head slowly and looked into space. "Was it him, sorr," he said, "that went fishing one day? It did blow a bit, I'm thinking; and a brig run ashore that blessed night, by the same token."

"What was his name?" said Lord de Freville.

"I can't say at all, sorr."

"What was he like?"

"Och! thin, it's fat he was, with a big red face."

"That's not the man. My friend left here on foot, carrying a knapsack."

"I can't say about that, sorr. It isn't often I'm here at all."

"Is any one lodging with you now?"

"There's a widow woman from Lyneham with two childer."

"Is there nobody else?"

"There's me, sorr, and my wife, and a boy of a son."

"Are you quite sure that my friend is not somewhere about here? I want to see him very much, and he would be glad to see me."

"There's the Squire, sorr, at the big house over there, but he's away."

"I don't mean him. My friend is a young man, about my height. I know he was here one night last November, for he told me so himself, and he wrote from here, or somewhere near

here, yesterday, to the priest at Freville Chase, who would have come with me, only he was engaged."

"Yes, sorr, that's so. It *would* have been a pity if his Rivirence had throubled himself to come to this blessed place, and see nobody at all but the likes of me!"

"What on earth am I to do?" thought Lord de Freville, "I can't force my way in. My good friend," he said. "You are on the wrong tack. I believe that he is here, and that for some reason or other you don't choose to tell me. I assure you he would like to see me. Tell him, please, that Lord de Freville has come to see him from Freville Chase."

Mick eyed him suspiciously from head to foot, and shook his head.

"May be I'll see him again some day, my lord," said Mick, softening cautiously at the sound of Freville Chase.

"I dare say you will," answered Lord de Freville, dryly. "Good morning."

"What *can* I do," he thought again. "I must first put up this unholdable horse at the village, and then wait and stroll about, and look for the Stranger. Perhaps he is boating. If I were in his place, and circumstanced as I think he is, I should be likely to pass my time by or on the sad sea waves."

He then dismounted and led Shooting Star back to the village, thinking of what he should do to find the Stranger. All this time the object of his quest was paddling about near the shore, not caring to go anywhere, nor wishing to care, nor wishing that he could wish to care. Life, as he now believed it to be, was not worth living on its own account, but only for the end that God has given us to form at our peril. If Lord de Freville had gone to the sea-shore before calling at Mick's house, he would have seen him; but he did not, and when he did, the boat was beyond sight.

He inquired of the coastguard on duty, and was told that a young gentleman, who had landed there with Mick during a gale of wind last November, had come to lodge again at Mick's house, and was out now in a boat by himself.

"Has he gone far, do you think?" asked Lord de Freville.

The coastguard pointed eastward, but knew nothing more.

"Does he stay out late?"

The answer was not reassuring. He had landed at seven o'clock the day before, and sometimes returned at eight or nine.

The Stranger was then off Raven's Combe, while Mrs. Hopkins was on her way from London, and thought it advisable

to get out at Greenhaven, rather than show her corkscrew curls too frequently at Lyneham, or Wereford. So she came round the headland in a boat.

"He shall be the dear young gentleman at Mr. Mick's house," thought she. "I promised Mr. Crayston—no! he promised it for me—that I should go for to see how he stood. Ha, ha! Now I have seen him, I think. He is in good health. H'm! I not like him. Why stays he so long with Mr. Mick? And why stares he so? I shall do something, if he shows to wish to know too much. Yes, sir, I promise it to you."

Perhaps the Stranger did look at her. No doubt he did, as she thought so. But he was quite unconscious of looking, and when she turned her head suddenly, after landing, to see if he still looked, his boat had passed the headland.

She walked on, breathing defiance against all ill-disposed persons who, innocently or otherwise, might happen to cross her path or cast their shadows over it. The Stranger rested awhile on his oars in the Lady's Bay, and then pulled out to sea. About five o'clock the coastguard looked through his glass, and coming up to Lord de Freville, who had been walking along the shore, said, "That's him, my lord. But if he sees any one, he won't land."

Lord de Freville retired behind a boathouse to wait. The Stranger landed, and presently heard his own name.

"You here!" he said. "This is like your brother, and I half expected it when I wrote to Father Merivale. I came home sooner than usual, half in hopes that you would come."

"Of course, I came," said Lord de Freville. "Why didn't you write before, and come to Freville Chase? You know that you are always welcome there. But why are you here?"

"Why, indeed! I know and I don't know. I know why he used as he did the power which our relative positions gave him; but I don't know why he looked the other way when I saw him last, nor why he has given up answering my letters. I left Marlton last November, because he put a pressure on me that I couldn't resist, and wouldn't if, *par impossible*, I could. By means of that pressure he made a one-sided agreement with me that I should keep away for a year, to reflect, he said, and take time for consideration—in fact, examine my conscience about being a Catholic. He pretended to have a scruple about it—he with a scruple! Well, I have only a hundred a year of my own, and, owing to him, no profession. But that, of itself, didn't give him his hold over me. There was another pressure—a

tyrant's plea that compelled and still compels me to do his bidding. I can't even defend my own character from the consequences of disappearing as I did. He has it in his keeping, and I know not how he may have dealt with it. I was to go away for a year, and not to be seen again in that neighbourhood. He promised to explain why I had gone. I am bound over to silence by the only means that could have bound me. You know, I think, that in one way I owe him a great deal."

"As a bird owes his bird-seed and clean cage to the bird-fancier," said Lord de Freville; "but the bird-fancier doesn't threaten to turn out his bird in the frost and snow."

"Have you seen him lately?" said the Stranger.

Lord de Freville appeared to hesitate, but he was only nerving himself to give torture in mercy. "No," he said, "I have not seen him."

"Have you heard of him?"

"Yes, this morning."

The Stranger had become almost as pale as a dead man. His eyes appealed piteously for an answer, but he said nothing.

"You must go at once to London," said Lord de Freville. "He is to be married to-morrow—to Lady Maud."

The Stranger turned away and stood a few yards off. There was no movement in him. Not a nerve trembled. Not a muscle moved. A steel spring, pressed by an overpowering weight, could hardly have been more still.

"You must act," said Lord de Freville, in a low voice. "You have no time to lose. The whole thing is clear to me. It is as I thought. Take my word for it, and my advice. Get together what you want, and be off (round by Greenhaven, I suppose) in the boat, and on to Wereford to catch the train. You must lose no time. You owe it to her."

"Yes, I will go," muttered the Stranger. "I will try to save her from that. Half-past five. There is a train from Wereford at half-past seven."

"Pluck up," said Lord de Freville, as they walked in. "It will be all right."

"Never. There is an abyss between us. I go to save her, but without any hope of doing it. I have no right to interfere. I am going to act like a madman, for it never could have come to this without her consent—whatever the reason of it may be—her deliberate consent."

Lord de Freville followed him and laid a firm hand on his

shoulder. "Trouble has bewildered you," he said. "Don't you know what pressure can do in some cases?"

"Pressure could have done nothing with her," said the Stranger. "She is not to be persuaded in that way. Besides, no one would try it. Lady Ledchester could, but would not. Lord Ledchester neither would nor could."

"My dear fellow, there are more kinds of pressure than one. There is pressure from within, and there is pressure of circumstances, and there is pressure that screws us in on every side. You are at this moment under such pressure. How can you say what hers may or may not have been? I can't see into it, but I can see enough from the outside to be sure that you will hear some startling things. He is going to be received into the Church to-morrow morning."

"He can't be such a hypocrite."

"He is, and you owe it to yourself and to her to find out whether your absence was explained by him according to his promise or not. This you must do. Go to No. — Grosvenor Square. Get in, even if you have to force your way. Good-bye. God speed you."

They were now at Mick's door.

"God bless you for what you have done!" said the Stranger.

"Make him ashamed," said Lord de Freville. "He tried all he could to make me think you were not here."

Then he hurried back to the village, where Shooting Star stood in the stable of a small public-house, looking as quiet as an old sheep under a tree, until he was mounted, when he took the bit according to his custom, and clattered through the village in unseemly haste. The hill choked him a little, and the second still more, and after that he went as pleasantly as any one could wish, till at the junction of the two roads, where the way home crossed the way to Raven's Combe, he heard a horse's hoofs on the grass. This made him snatch at the bit and throw up his head; but Lord de Freville, having seen who it was, was able to pull him in short, and he stood still while the other horse came up. The rider of the other horse was Colonel Claverock.

It was doubtful whether he had intended to stop, or pass on, or stop in passing; but Shooting Star settled the question by plunging across his way as he came near, so that he had no choice. He pulled up and sat stiffly on his horse without speaking. There was a cold light in his eyes, and a colder smile on his lips. He evidently desired to speak, yet his manner was



directed to say, "What do you want?" Lord de Freville held out his hand. Colonel Claverock did not.

"I don't shake hands," he said, "with men who break their word."

Lord de Freville checked himself powerfully, and said in a very low voice, "Do you mean to tell me that you, a man of the world, knowing men and knowing my character, can believe me to be capable of a deliberate lie to the living and the dead, for the purpose of perpetrating a cowardly swindle on my own cousin?"

"Probabilities are beside the question, when evidence proves the fact."

"Proof of the fact in this case," answered Lord de Freville, "depends on probabilities, and nothing else, for no one but my wife and myself heard what Sir Richard said about the disposal of Netherwood. Now, setting character aside, I am neither mad nor a fool—you know that—and I must be one or the other, if I could act as you suppose. I have Freville Chase, where I love to live, and Beynham, which is ten times more in value. I don't want Netherwood for what it's worth; and, even if Leofric had never been born, I should be happier without it, for I can't live there, and it pains my wife to see it empty. Would any man in his senses volunteer to throw away his character for the purpose of keeping what he had rather not have?"

"Sir Richard no doubt thought so," said Colonel Claverock.

"Sir Richard's directions were strict and clear," answered Lord de Freville; "and I promised him, on his death-bed, that I would follow them. That will I do at any cost. I am as anxious as you are that Leofric should have Netherwood, but he must first show himself to be what Sir Richard required him to be. When he does he will have it. I can't help being falsely accused of breaking my word, but I can help doing it, and nothing shall make me do it, particularly to a dead man."

He paused for a reply. Colonel Claverock remained silent, but his lips curled slowly into a smile of contempt. Lord de Freville saw the expression, and said in the same low voice, but with a stronger emphasis: "Leofric, I repeat, holds Netherwood on the balance of his own will. Sir Richard required that he should be steady, prudent, a good Catholic, likely to take intelligent and conscientious interest in the place and people. Does he answer the conditions?"

Colonel Claverock knew too well, but the knowledge was inconvenient and in every way irritating.

"I decline," he said, "to hear disparaging remarks about my son. What you insinuate is unjust and ungenerous. You know nothing of him, and you take advantage of his natural confidence in you, as a relation, to excuse yourself by maliciously misrepresenting him."

Lord de Freville was silent for a minute or two, while he fixed his clear penetrating eyes on Colonel Claverock. Then he said: "Try to believe me, when I tell you, that I feel your position as if it were my own——"

"Position!" interrupted Colonel Claverock. "You had better think of yours."

"You mistake me. It was my fault. I didn't express myself clearly. I meant your position as a father in such a case as this. I wish to show that I am as anxious to see him in possession of Netherwood as you are——"

"You have said that before, and I tell you again that I don't believe it. And if that is not enough, I will tell you in plainer language what your conduct is."

"I ask you, as a favour, to refrain from doing so."

"I will not. Your conduct is so ungentlemanlike, so dishonest, so utterly disgraceful, that no man who has the smallest regard to his character would have anything to do with you, or be seen speaking to you. Times are changed, and peace at any price is a convenient principle for men who are afraid. I don't know whether you are one of those: but I have said enough to test what you are made of."

Lord de Freville paused before answering, for he meant, with the fullest force of meaning, to control even the tone of his voice.

"You certainly have made use of strong language," he said, "and I understand the drift of it perfectly well; but I cannot accept your challenge—for that is what it amounts to. If you think that I am actuated by fear, you were never more mistaken in your judgment of any man. Once, before I was a Catholic, I acted as you are acting now, and I succeeded in forcing a man to meet me as you would force me to meet you. I have regretted it ever since; and were I to do it now, I should be sinning against light. I have one thing more to say, and then I shall have said all. It was I who put it into Sir Richard's head to think of Leofric. Eleven months ago I told him, and so did Lady de Freville, when he spoke to us about his will, how anxious we were to see Netherwood settled on one who bears the name of Dytechley. He answered that a younger son of mine could take the name, and would have as much Dytechley

blood in him as Leofric. I said, 'Who can be sure that I shall have one, or that, if I have, he will live to grow up?' I advised him to write and ask Leofric to Netherwood. He was out of health, and put it off, but in consequence of what I had said (for he told me so), he came to my conclusion, was very anxious about Leofric, gave me the directions that I have spoken of, and bound me by the most solemn promise to carry them out. He repeated them on two other occasions, and just before he died he was more precise than before. I have not yet told you what they were. I will now, in his own words, if you will have patience with me for a minute or two longer, for I can repeat them exactly, having noted them down for my own guidance."

"I will do nothing of the kind," said Colonel Claverock, who had been goaded to madness by Leofric and Mrs. Hopkins. "Do you take me for a fool? Do you expect me to believe your notes, after the specimen I have had of your honour, and when I have in my possession a letter from Sir Richard, in which he distinctly stated that Leofric was heir to Netherwood? That letter was written last November, when his head was clear; and he sent it to me by a private hand. There is not a word about conditions, but a simple statement brought in incidentally, and implying that he supposed me to be aware of the fact. Why I was not, you know best—no one so well."

"I have not lived very long," said Lord de Freville, "but at one part of my life I saw so much, and suffered so much, that I scarcely feel surprised at anything I hear. Otherwise I should be amazed. Of the letter to which you allude I know nothing, nor do I know to what letter or message of yours it was a reply. On the other hand, I do know the directions I personally received; and those, as I have said, I will follow. I see, however, that you are judging the case by your feelings, not by your knowledge of men. You resent the consequences, because Leofric is the cause, and need not be so, and persists in being so. It depends on him, not on me. Try to influence him. He might be all that Sir Richard required. It isn't much. It really is no more than is wanted for his own good, if Netherwood were not in question. You couldn't do me a greater act of kindness."

But Colonel Claverock was not the man to do it, if he tried. He knew that; and he knew that Leofric would bring Raven's Combe to the hammer, unless it were saved by Netherwood. Self-possessed as he was, he writhed and raged at being looked through so gently.

"Curse your hypocritical whining," he said in a loud voice, not entirely free from coarseness. "Do you suppose that a man of five-and-twenty is going to make himself a prig for your pleasure, to be told at the end of it that he didn't come up to a standard which you can manipulate as you like? Understand me, once for all——"

"I have told you," said Lord de Freville, "that I will not be tempted into a quarrel: and therefore this rough language is not suitable to you as a gentleman. Good morning."

"Stop!" said Colonel Claverock. "I have something to say that concerns you to know. You will hear soon through the proper channels that Freville Chase is not yours, but Leofric's. I shall not tell you how. You will learn that in the usual way. Had you behaved like a man of honour about Netherwood, his generosity would have spared you the loss of the old family place of the Frevilles; and even now, though the case is clear and in my lawyer's hands, I believe that he would forego his claim, if he met with bare justice. You are choosing your course, and are keeping to it. You treat his generosity with contempt. You practically accuse him and me of either forging Sir Richard's letter or pretending that he wrote in it what he didn't write: so that I shall be compelled in defence of my own character to produce it in court. You simply force him to go on. I have nothing more to say."

"Freville Chase was entailed when I married," said Lord de Freville, with an effort that no one could have concealed.

"I am not denying that," answered Colonel Claverock. "It was a natural thing to do. But could it be legally done?"

Lord de Freville was deadly pale, and shivered as if he were cold; but his voice betrayed nothing.

"I don't understand you," he said.

"Perhaps not," said Colonel Claverock; "but you will. You will have the most convincing proof of it, and you will have the pleasure of knowing that you not only brought it on yourself, but persisted in forcing Leofric to proceed with the trial, against his wish and in spite of his generous readiness to spare you at his own loss. Be it so, if you *will* have it!"

There was no reply at first, nor did he expect one, yet he waited and watched as if he did expect it, sitting stiffly on his horse and smoothing his moustaches downwards 'till they covered the corners of his mouth. He was more anxious than Lord de Freville supposed him to be. Netherwood was a much more valuable property than Freville Chase, besides being the

old place of the Dytechleys. And, then, there might be a later will, made after the birth of this Lord de Freville. Was it impossible to make any impression?"

Lord de Freville passed through a long agony in a short time; but this is what he said:

"When I have heard precisely what the claim is founded on, I shall know what to think and what to do. I commit my cause to Almighty God."

Colonel Claverock would fain have put the case more strongly, but Shooting Star had caught the bit in his teeth and was galloping over the heath with his nose above his ears; for in pronouncing these last words, Lord de Freville had loosed the rein which held the horse in check.

Colonel Claverock watched him as he raced away, and his mood changed.

"Would that I had never meddled in this!" he said half aloud. "I wish I had pitched the will into the fire. Freville Chase will go the way of Raven's Combe—muddled away in gambling debts, and brought to the hammer after I am gone—perhaps before. It is too late now. Leofric, you infernal fool! I have done this for you, not because you are my son, but because you are *hers*. For you I have injured and insulted that heroic young fellow. Would that I had a son like him, or even distantly like! What else have I done for you, simply because Raven's Combe was your mother's, and you would have wasted it? I have put myself in the power of a woman who left the house under a cloud. I have taken her as a confidential servant. I have paid her for telling me that you were to have Netherwood. I have given her an annuity that marks the fact. She it was who brought Sir Richard's letter, on the strength of which I have accused an honourable man of lying and cheating and breaking his word to the dead. She it was, too, that found the will. Why was the will found in that place—in a closet unlocked and unused? And why did Sir Richard never allude to having made Leofric his heir, except in the letter she brought? I don't know. I only know that she got over me by her tears about Edith. Were they true? I have only her word for it—only her word. And what is it worth?"

He groaned aloud, and his forehead became as the marble of a tomb when the night dew is on it. Was he, after all, harbouring in his house the virtual murderer of his wife?"

"I can't bear this," he said. "She must go. She has her money. I won't sleep in the house till she is out of it."

He set spurs to his horse, as if trying to ride away from the horrible thought ; but there it was, and it seemed, in his wildly stirred imagination, to rush after him, like the fancied spirit of the storm.

Lord de Freville had a crushing sorrow in his heart : the Stranger was broken down, and saw no light in the way he was going : but they had not brought their troubles on themselves, and each had the higher hope which Colonel Claverock had not and understood not.

At length he pulled in, and presently turned homewards, repeating to himself, "I won't sleep another night in the house till she is out of it." Then he thought of Lord de Freville's last words, and they rang in his ears, but without meaning of reality.

"How wonderful it is," he thought, "that a man like him can say honestly, 'I commit my cause to Almighty God !' How can he commit his cause to a Being he has never seen ? What means has he of knowing that what we call God is anything more, as regards us, than the sun is to life ? The sun's bulk is more than a million times the bulk of this earth, its total heat more than two million times the heat it gives to us ; and without it there would be no life in this globe—not even a blade of grass, not a tuft of moss—but we can do simply nothing to affect its action. If the power of causing life to be and to last implies intelligence and mercy, the sun must be intelligent and merciful as the primary cause of life ; yet we cannot obtain from it a single ray more than climate and clouds allow. Why should we think that God, whom we don't even see, should be moved by prayer to help such insignificant beings ? I have prayed, prayed passionately, to believe as Edith believed. There was no answer—none. But here is a man in the full vigour of mind and body, who says with deliberation in his greatest need, 'I commit my cause to Almighty God !'"

He forgot that if bulk, heat, and life-giving power are the highest attributes within our knowledge, an elephant must be classed above Aristotle, the stomach before the head, and a steady rain be considered as God-like after drought ; but the omission would not have occurred, perhaps, if he had thought of asking himself, to begin with, whether the sun made itself, and whether a Being, intelligent enough to make it, was likely to leave this complex world in the muddle that marks its history, unless He had some reasons, wiser than ours, for allowing it so to be, some means of bringing order out of a disorder that seems to mar His work, and some way of making known His will to man.



## Reviews.

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### I.—STUDIES OF FAMILY LIFE.<sup>1</sup>

MR. DEVAS in his *Studies of Family Life* has made a welcome addition to the literature of "Economics." We cannot perhaps give a better idea of the contents and scope of the book than by transcribing some paragraphs from the author's Preface, and one or two from the concluding sections of the work, adding only a very few words of our own by way of criticism or comment. Mr. Devas tells us at the outset that :

This book is a series of studies of family life, a number of facts, that are to be found scattered elsewhere, brought together and arranged. For it seems to me that the various constitutions of Homes are as much deserving of study as the various constitutions of States ; that in the one department of science as in the other, what in these times is most needed is a plain statement of facts. So it is real life I have tried to set forth, not words or fancies. And my aim has been to help in a right judgment being formed upon family life, both past and present, that we may not take good for evil, or say some particular institution is quite needful, when in truth there is excellent family life without it ; or declare some particular evil inevitable, when there are instances of its absence ; or follow after theories of change and progression inconsistent with facts. The examples of family life which seem most instructive, if we have this end in view, are those which I have selected.

The book is divided into three parts, dealing respectively with "Fore-Christian Families," "The Christian Family," and "After-Christian Families." In explanation of these divisions the author writes :

By Fore-Christian I mean, not only societies previous to Christianity, but also those which have never passed through Christian influence ; for example, the modern Hindus and Chinese ; whereas, by After-Christian I mean societies dwelling in regions or belonging to races once Christian, who follow principles of religion or philosophy that profess to be better than those of Christianity.

<sup>1</sup> *Studies of Family Life: a Contribution to Social Science.* By C. S. Devas, M.A., Oxon. Burns and Oates, 1886.

Accordingly, the first part of Mr. Devas's work is devoted to a study of family life among the Chinese, the Jews under the Judges, the Romans under the Kings and under the later Republic, the Greeks of Homeric times, of classical Athens, and of Sparta, the Hindus, the Burmese, the Egyptians of the Demotic period, and the Mongol Nomads. The second part is concerned with (1) Christian Doctrine on the Family and (2) Christian Practice: while the third part deals with the Mohammedans, the Irreligious French Peasantry, the North-Eastern Americans, and the English Labourers.

Under each section Mr. Devas has brought together the leading facts bearing on his subject as gathered from the best sources; and the result at which the author arrives is stated as follows:

The foregoing studies of families, Fore-Christian, Christian, and After-Christian, seem to point to a notable conclusion. And it is this, that if Christianity is abandoned by any large body of men, they cannot, so far as our experience goes, revert to the highest forms of family life seen among Fore-Christians, much less evolve a happier, healthier family life of their own, but revert to the lower forms. . . . Any one can see for himself how striking are the resemblances in home life between the After-Christians among the modern European races we have just been examining, and the classical Romans and Greeks described in the first part of this volume. . . . Moreover, those who cared to examine would find the worst abominations of degraded and outcast races repeated in our midst and in Islam; so little do these matters depend on whether a society is civilized, semi-civilized, or uncivilized; so much on whether God is rightly or wrongly worshipped.

The author shows how the Christian ideal preserves the just mean between the exaggeration of parental authority as shown in the claim to frustrate religious vocations, and that precocious independence of children which is so apt to leave to parents "a desolate and dishonoured old age:" how this same Christian ideal preserves men alike from preferring the claims of family before those of God, and from postponing them to the promptings of sordid self-interest; from vindicating for woman a fictitious and unnatural equality with man, and from degrading her to a "a plaything or a drudge." In a word,

The Christian religion . . . tells us the plain truth about human nature and our position as created beings, and will not suffer us to reason as though we were our own masters and had made ourselves; . . . nor again will suffer us to live in a fool's paradise, and sustain our

domestic virtue or our patriotism by sentiments, impulses, prejudices, superstitions; but dissipates these mists and gives us a reasonable ground for our conduct.

To the paragraphs which follow we would invite particular attention:

It will hardly be denied that for the great bulk of mankind, who must toil for their daily bread, there is in this world no source of happiness, no recreation from their daily toil, to be compared to that afforded them by a good family life . . . The cultivated and wealthy few may make up in some sort of way for the lack of these by an abundance of sensual and intellectual enjoyments. But these substitutes—they are but sorry substitutes—for a happy home, cannot be got by the great multitude. Hence it follows that those who would overthrow the Christian family are the arch-enemies of the happiness of the great multitude, and this in spite of all their protestations, all their professions of benevolence.

It has often been pointed out that by taking away from the poorer classes the sure hope of a future life, with its rewards and punishments, you have taken away the chief reason for their patience under the trials and submission under the inequalities of the present life, and that you prepare the way for outbreaks of Communism. This is quite true, but there is something more. The teachers of irreligion have not merely robbed the poor of their prospective inheritance, of the hope of goods to come; they have done more, and robbed them of the chief of their present goods, their Christian home life. It is an incomparable loss, for which all the devices of Socialists, and State Socialists, and Philanthropy; all the panaceas of State insurance, free schools, free libraries, free museums, free entertainments, free land; all grants, and subsidies, and franchises, and flattery, are worth nothing as a compensation. How can you compensate for freezing up men's hearts, for putting discord instead of peace, indifference or dislike instead of filial piety or brotherly love?

These words, and many more which may be read in Mr. Devas's volume, are worthy of the earnest consideration of those whose hearts have been moved to something more than a flutter of transient pity by the "Bitter Cries," which two years ago began to be heard—after an interval of hushed murmurs—from "Outcast London" and "Squalid Liverpool." Again and again we need to be reminded that if we would be living factors in the solution of the social problems of our day, we cannot fulfil this function by mere eleemosynary charity, or even by "organization" of any kind which does not include, as its most important element, personal work among the poor,

directed primarily to the improvement of their homes. And by "homes" we mean, not the mere material tenements which the poor inhabit, but still more that Christian family spirit which can convert even a garret into an abode of peace and contentment.

We have only one criticism to offer on Mr. Devas's volume, and that is, that it is not long enough. We should like to see the second and third parts of the book greatly expanded on the lines of the great work of Le Play, to which the author makes frequent references. In conclusion we specially commend Mr. Devas's chapter on the "Doctrine of Savagery" to the careful study of any one who may have been inclined to accept without examination certain modern theories relative to "Primitive Marriage."

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## 2.—A TREATISE ON NATURAL LAW.<sup>1</sup>

The German Province of the Society of Jesus is doing a great work in these our days. We have seen the first instalment of the complete course of Scripture, which they have undertaken to edit. Father Lehmkuhl's *Treatise on Moral Theology* needs no praise of ours, for it may be said to be in the hands of all. Some years ago they promised to bring out a course of philosophy founded on the principles of St. Thomas Aquinas and other great scholastics, but so arranged as to meet the requirements of the present age, and to fit our students to cope with the manifold errors which have overrun Europe like a plague during the last two centuries. The work on cosmology by Father Pesch was the first of the series. At last Father Theodore Meyer has produced the second of the series, *A Treatise on Natural Law*, or on the whole of moral philosophy, one well fitted to be placed in the same category as its predecessor. The work will be finished in two volumes. As we write, we have only the first volume before us, which the author prefers to call *Jus Naturæ Generale*. Perhaps it will be as well to state why Father Meyer following in the footsteps of Taparelli has purposely left the more ordinary name and reverted to the title in vogue among the ancients. The first to separate natural law from ethics, and to treat it apart was

<sup>1</sup> *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, ad usum Scholarem adornavit Theodorus Meyer, S.J. Pars I. Jus Naturæ Generale continens Ethicam Generalem et Jus Sociale in Genere. Friburgi Brisgovie: Sumptibus Herder, 1875.

Christian Thomasius, whose new views on the internal distinction between law and morality logically demanded this novel departure. From his time consequently it became the fashion to consider ethics and the natural law either as sciences quite distinct from each other, or at least as distinct and coordinate parts of the whole of practical philosophy. Undoubtedly this distinction was of no small practical value to those engaged in the study of jurisprudence, for with greater clearness and ease they were enabled to distinguish between the obligations of law and those which were merely ethical. After Kant's philosophy reigned supreme in Germany, perfect separation followed as a matter of course, for no greater union according to his principles, could be admitted between ethics and the philosophy of law, than between the *internal* legislation (of the reason), and that which is external. Although the Catholic schools, as is evident, have not adopted these errors, they nevertheless have followed the division handed down from Thomasius. This division however is not logical, for it does not satisfy the logical conditions of a just division. Consequently some now prefer to adopt a division which by descending from the general to the particular, from principles to their applications, enables them to ensure the unity of the whole of moral philosophy by giving it the name of *Jus Naturale*, the law of nature. There at once arises the division into *Jus naturæ generale*, and *Jus naturæ speciale*. *Jus naturæ generale* treats of the investigation and construction of general principles both in the provinces of ethics and law, *Jus naturæ speciale* applies these general principles to the special conditions and relations which affect man as a moral agent, not only in his individual capacity, but also inasmuch as he is a social being, and is brought into contact with his fellow-men in many and varied ways.

The book seems to us well qualified to take its place as a standard work on the subject at the present day. It is written clearly and distinctly; the author does not waste words, he lays down his principles with great firmness and precision, deduces his conclusions with unerring accuracy, searches out the weak points of his enemy's armour, and having once grappled with him, leaves him not till he has completely over-mastered him. We think that it will be clear to all who read the treatise that it is evidently the production of one who has spent years not merely in the study of his subject, but in that much better

school for training the mind, such a study as enabled him day by day to descend to the lecture-room, and render clear and intelligible to others the stores of knowledge which had accumulated in his own intellect.

Of course the view taken on free-will is that common to the Doctors of the Society, and which, as they maintain, was the doctrine taught by St. Thomas. Not only do the Scotists agree with us in this, but as Father Schneeman seems to prove most conclusively, so do many of the older Thomists.

When the essential distinction which exists between moral good and evil, has been asserted and demonstrated, we are treated to the refutation of all those false theories which have prevailed from the days of Epicurus to our own as to what constitutes the fundamental principle of morality. No inconsiderable space is devoted to the destruction of that creed in particular which has so much charm for many in this island, that creed which accepts as the foundation of morals, utility or the greatest happiness principle, a creed which holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness. By happiness is intended pleasure and the absence of pain; by unhappiness pain and the privation of pleasure. What is Father Meyer's reply to John Stuart Mill? From all this nothing else is deduced except what is as clear as the noonday sun, that that alone is *truly* good and useful to man and human society, which is in accordance with the rule of morality; but hence it by no means follows, that therefore anything is morally right and honest *formaliter*, because it bears that relation of utility. Bailey, Bain, Spencer and Darwin are likewise dismissed in a few short but telling and effective sentences.

We have been much struck by the masterly way in which the false principles of the Kantian philosophy, in as far as they relate to morality and law, have been laid bare and exposed to view. The imposing edifice raised with so much labour and skill and ingenuity by the Königsberg philosopher comes toppling down like a house of cards, when its foundations have been undermined by one well versed in the true principles of Christian philosophy. The section in the third book, where Kant's *Autonomia Rationis* is subjected to a critical analysis, is especially worth reading.

We look forward with much pleasure to the appearance of the second volume which is to treat of so many important and



interesting questions in the social order, feeling assured that they could scarcely be in better or more competent hands. May we express a hope that no long time will be allowed to elapse before Father Thiemann's work on Psychology sees the light?

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3.—THE ANTHROPOID APES.<sup>1</sup>

This work is a fair specimen of the kind of books produced in our times by the majority of scientific men of the school to which the author belongs. On the one hand, the analysis of facts, the description of organs, the careful collecting of matter bearing upon geographical distribution, habits, development, all this is treated with a patience and industry that command the admiration of the reader; but on the other hand, the conclusions based upon those analytical data show a deficiency of philosophical acumen, an ignorance (voluntary or involuntary?) of the psychological difficulties involved in the question at issue, a want of discernment between the certain, the probable and the possible, which is truly painful to contemplate in men whom like this Berlin Professor, we might suppose to be fair specimens of high "Kultur." After giving an historical account of our present knowledge of the anthropoid apes, Professor Hartmann examines in succession their external form, their anatomical structure compared with that of man, the varieties in the forms of anthropoids, their geographical distribution, life in captivity, and position in the zoological systems. This part of the book is interesting, accurate, and does great credit to the author. It constitutes a valuable chapter of comparative anatomy. The conclusions are far from deserving the same praise. Referring to the relationship which bodily organs, taken by themselves, establish between man and the anthropoids, Professor Hartmann drily says, with something like quiet contempt:

Some men, altogether on psychical grounds shrink from admitting any relationship between men and apes, since the mental organization of the former seems to them to be allied by no connecting link with the anthropoids of which they think so meanly.

What those "psychical grounds" are he does not choose to examine or discuss, as if the problem before us could ever be

<sup>1</sup> *Anthropoid Apes.* By Robert Hartmann, Professor in the University of Berlin. London: Kegan Paul, and Co., 1885.

understood, still less settled, without reference to those psychical grounds. Yet, three pages further, our author admits that—

A great chasm between man and anthropoids is constituted by the fact that the human race is capable of education and is able to acquire the highest mental culture, while the most intelligent anthropoid can only receive a certain mechanical training. And even to this training a limit is set by the surly temper displayed by anthropoids as they get older. They are interesting subjects of study in the menagerie, but they never become like our ordinary domestic animals, useful members of the household economy. I myself hold that all human races are capable of culture, while differing in the degree to which it is possible for them to attain.

All this is true, but does it accord with the views of Professor Hartmann on the animal origin of human intelligence? Does it not rather suggest that there are, in those psychical conditions to which he disdains to give more than a passing notice, mysteries that must be fathomed, before we can talk with anything like assurance of the "descent of man." Could he even tell us anything of those psychical conditions that render lower types, such as the dog or the horse, "useful members of the household economy," whilst the highest anthropoid apes, as he has told us, can only receive a certain mechanical training, and are not capable of being brought to that degree of submission to man, we were almost going to say, to that intimacy with man, which, particularly in the case of the dog, is so marvellous?

The mere comparison of bone with bone and muscle with muscle, however accurate, can never bring us any nearer to the solution of those enigmas. Hence the fundamental defect of this work, in other respects so good and praiseworthy. We recommend it to students of comparative anatomy who wish to know exactly the points of contact and of difference between the human organism and that of the higher apes. But they must look elsewhere for a solid treatment of the difficulties raised by those anatomical facts.

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#### 4.—OUR ADMINISTRATION OF INDIA.<sup>1</sup>

We have had not a few books on India lately, signs we may hope of an increasing interest in our great Eastern dependency. Some of their writers have dwelt chiefly on the faults and

<sup>1</sup> *Our Administration of India, being a complete account of the Revenue and Collectorate Administration in all Departments.* By H. A. D. Phillips, Bengal Civil Service. London: Thacker and Co., 1886.

failings, real or alleged, of our Indian rule; some have even written as if there were more of failure than success, more of folly than wisdom in our dealings with India. Mr. Phillips does not write in this spirit. He protests that he does not hold a brief for the Civil Service of India, and he is quite ready frankly to point out mistakes and shortcomings in our Indian administration, but he speaks of it as on the whole a most marvellous success. It is right to add that his book is not, like some others which deal with this subject, a kind of prolonged essay or leading article. There is nothing vague in his statements, throughout he appeals to simple facts, figures, and statistics. It may be that his statements are incomplete, or the inferences he draws from his statistics not always correct. If it be so, there are enough, and more than enough, of hostile critics of Indian affairs to point out the error. So far as we can judge Mr. Phillips uses his figures frankly and fairly, and they go very far to show that his view of our Indian rule is the sound one. Even at the very lowest estimate of its value his book makes anything like a pessimist view of the work we have done in the East a very doubtful one.

Mr. Phillips taking the "district" as the working unit of our administration in India, examines in detail the various departments that come under the control of the district-officer or magistrate-collector, so far as he has to do with revenue duties. He tells us that if the present volume is favourably received, he hopes to publish another dealing with the more purely magisterial duties of the district-officer. We trust that this second volume will be published very soon. Naturally he draws most of his illustrations from the Presidency in which his own work has been done, but he also gives sufficient information on the same lines as to other parts of India. A considerable portion of the book deals with the Indian land system, and it seems to show that in India we have succeeded in solving a difficult problem satisfactorily, and this under very trying conditions. India is an agricultural country, and so far as the law can help him, the Indian agriculturist has nothing to envy the cultivator of the soil in Europe. He has a simple tenure, a clear title, a ready means of transferring his interest in the land, a very light taxation, taxes in most cases taking the place of rent, and a very ready means of redressing any temporary grievance. These good results have been obtained by working on the basis of ideas already accepted in India by the people

themselves, instead of attempting to bodily transfer to one country laws suited to the conditions of another. But Mr. Phillips' book is not a mere treatise on the land revenue. He has much to tell us of the people themselves, their way of life, their occupations, the appearance of their fields and villages, the produce of their farms, the work done in their workshops and factories. In connection with the excise revenue, we have a mass of information on their habits with regard to drink and narcotic drugs, and the startling contrast comes out that while in England and Wales there is one drinking-shop for every 173 of population, in Bengal there are only twelve to every 10,000. The working of the last census is fully described, and among its results we gain the knowledge that infanticide has disappeared, or all but disappeared, while polygamy is regarded with increasing disfavour. Unfortunately the remarriage of widows (who in India are often child-widows) is not making much progress. Mr. Phillips believes that not only among the upper classes, but even among the peasantry, monotheistic ideas are spreading very fast. This he attributes more to Mohammedan than to Christian influence, though both have a share in producing this good result. Of the material progress of the people, he says :

The increased comfort of the people makes itself felt in many ways. District-officers are unanimous in their reports on this subject. More masonry houses are being built; substantial tanks and wells are excavated; orchards of fruit trees are being planted in large numbers; more valuable crops are grown, there are more roads and better markets, and the prices of agricultural produce have a constant tendency to rise; stone and earthenware vessels are giving way to brass utensils; wooden bedsteads, chairs and stools are to be seen in the houses of all but the very lowest classes. The number of carts for transport and boats on the rivers has increased by thousands, and the number of draught bullocks by tens of thousands. The ryot wears better clothes, has shoes, and carries an umbrella. . . . Brass ornaments are giving way to silver, and silver to gold: even women of the lowest classes may be seen with silver bracelets, armlets, waistlets, and anklets. As has been remarked elsewhere, the quality and quantity of jewellery worn by the women is a very sure and safe criterion of the prosperity of the people, and it is notorious that they like to invest a great portion of their savings in this way. Of course Indians, as compared with Europeans, are poor and must remain so for a long time to come; but their wants in the shape of food, clothing, and housing are smaller and more easily and cheaply satisfied. The private charity shown towards the old, infirm, and helpless, as well as towards religious mendicants

and professional beggars, has hitherto obviated the necessity for any poor law, and is one of the best elements of the native character. Dr. Birdwood ascribes the comfort and happiness of the agricultural classes to the happy administration of the land, and the excellent character of the landed tenures. Certainly the land question seems to have been solved in India in a satisfactory manner, while its solution is as yet incomplete in Ireland, and is only beginning in England and Scotland (p. 213).

In the last chapter some passages in Mr. Cotton's recently published work, *New India*, are very sharply criticized, and Mr. Phillips gives a useful summary of the facts and figures of his own book.

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5.—THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM.<sup>1</sup>

When we say that this book is an excellent selection of the arguments usually brought forward in the theological treatises *De Vera Religione* and *De Ecclesia*, we by no means wish to detract from its originality or practical usefulness. For all works written with a view to helping those outside the fold must necessarily follow these lines if they are to have solidity and real logical value; but the great art is to present old arguments in a new form, not only with an attractive style, but with so many illustrations brought from the treasure-house of things new and old that we scarcely recognize the old bare syllogisms that used to meet us in the books of theology.

Not only is the little work before us very pleasantly written, but we have been especially struck by the aptness of the many illustrations and quotations introduced by the writer. Protestants and agnostics, ministers and men of the world, French, German, English, and American writers are all made to bear their (often unwilling) testimony to the argument of the book.

If some of the passages quoted seem almost too familiar, it must be remembered that Dr. Moriarty is writing for a class of readers who are not generally well acquainted with Catholic apologetic literature; hence we feel sure that many of the quotations from Newman, Macaulay, Lecky, Froude, &c., will come home to a large class of readers with a force we can scarcely appreciate. We confess however to a sense of relief when we

<sup>1</sup> *The Keys of the Kingdom; or the Unfailing Promise.* By the Rev. James J. Moriarty, LL.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns and Oates.

found that the quotation from Macaulay's famous essay stopped short before we came to the New Zealander.

But if some of the illustrations are old friends, there is a large number that are not so, and bear evidence to the author's wide reading and delicate sense of fitness. They are striking, not too long and always to the point.

The book itself is divided into six chapters: 1. Is Religion worthy of man's Study? 2. What Rule of Faith was laid down by Christ? While in the last four chapters the Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity and Apostolicity of the Church are respectively discussed.\*

In each chapter without departing from the main lines of his argument, Dr. Moriarty takes the opportunity of refuting in a few telling sentences many popular objections, in a way that shows his practical familiarity with the ordinary mental state of those who are seeking the way into the Church; for how often it happens that the force of the most unanswerable arguments is entirely paralyzed owing to the mists and obscurities induced by some vague but unsatisfied difficulty, generally the result of an entirely groundless prejudice.

Of these chapters the one which pleases us most is that on the Church's Holiness, where the author brings out very beautifully the true notion of that holiness, and takes occasion to bring a terrible indictment, all the more weighty from the studious moderation and kindness of his tone, against the first reformers, and shows the ravages caused by the facilities for divorce in Protestant America.

The book is well reasoned out, thoroughly readable, and calculated to be of great use to earnest seekers after truth. We most cordially recommend it.

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#### 6.—THE LIFE OF ST. NORBERT.<sup>1</sup>

Beauchief, Welbeck, Easby, Dryburgh, and Whitherne are names well known, not only to the antiquarian and the traveller, but even to the general reader. If the ashes of Walter Scott give to the beautiful abbey by the Tweed its chief title to interest, one can hardly fail to ask whose hands raised those crumbling walls, who were the dwellers in those ruined cells.

<sup>1</sup> *Life of St. Norbert.* By the Rev. Martin Geudens, Canon Regular of the Order of Prémontré. London: R. Washbourne, 1886.



Father Geudens' *Life of St. Norbert* gives the best answer to these queries. The white-robed canons, for whom the good King David built Dryburgh, have the nature of their work, the style of their duties, the object of their lives, told in the clearest way in the life of their great founder, and in the sketch of his Order which serves as an introduction to the work. The abbey, whose names we have just given, were among the many peopled by the religious of St. Norbert. To the student of the past, the life, new to most English readers, opens out a fresh field. But the Order is not merely a thing of the past, its work is not done. It is living, and living in the midst of us, and a graft of the old tree, thanks to the noble generosity of Mr. Young, has once more struck its roots deep down in English soil. To the great toil of England's re-conversion, for the sanctification of our poverty-stricken masses, an Order, which is essentially missionary, is come to lend its aid. In the face of the strange revival, outside the Church, of ceremonial worship and of active devotional life, a body bound by rule to choir duties and devoted so especially to the loving worship of the Blessed Sacrament, cannot but be a powerful means for good in the ever-growing difficulties of the struggle. Friars Preachers, Friars Minors, Passionists and Jesuits, Secular Clergy and Oratorians, Redemptorists and Norbertines, they are all too few for the work, there is ample harvest for all.

We recommend the careful perusal of the Introduction, where with clearness and erudition are explained the various ranks in the Church's army, the difference between canons regular and secular, and clerks regular and secular. There too will be found a brief description of the Norbertine's day, and the Norbertine's duties, and the epitome of their spirit as summed up in these words: "The praising of God in choir; zeal for souls; spirit of habitual penance; devotion to the Blessed Sacrament; devotion to our Lady" (p. xxix).

The fact that Father Geudens has, thanks to the research of Dr. Wilmans, had access in Pertz's *Monumenta* to the earliest known life of his founder, a life sought for in vain by the Bollandists and by M. Hugo, the historian of the Order, adds exceedingly to the value of the work. The saint's birth took place during the momentous pontificate of St. Gregory the Seventh. The waters were still heaving after the terrific storm when St. Norbert was called by God to take his share in repairing the ruin. He was a typical man of his time, a kinsman of the German Emperors, a beneficed clergyman

leading a worldly life. Peace between Peter and Cæsar was made just a year after he took his religious vows. Like himself, a group of his friends and fellow-workmen, Henry, Archbishop of Sens, Abbot Suger, Stephen, Bishop of Paris, were converts from dissipation and worldly splendour. The days of his youth saw the first Crusade, the rise of Cîteaux, and of the Chartreuse. St. Bernard was but seven years his junior, and St. Norbert's work and influence was second only to that of his intimate friend and fellow-worker the great Cistercian.

The continued reign of Antipopes, the revolutions at Rome made of the Popes of his day so many Peregrini Apostolici, and thus, besides on his visits to Rome, St. Norbert frequently met the Successors of St. Peter in France and Germany. He received his first approval from Papal Legates, one of whom, Peter di Leone, was afterwards to become his adversary, when he usurped the Tiara, and for long years divided Christendom.

The rich crop of cockle, that had grown up during the struggles of former years, called forth from our Saint the missionary character which had so important a place in the spirit of his Order, and, as St. Dominic and St. Francis in the next century, he went about preaching against luxury and unbelief, pagan depravity and monstrous Manichæism, by the poverty and austerity of his life, as much as by the power of his word.

The valley of Prémontré near Laon became the headquarters of the Order and gave to it its name. But the white canons became a mighty people, and houses were founded north and south, east and west. Then the clergy of Magdeburg chose Norbert for their Archbishop, and the scene in the Cathedral Tower, where he was besieged by his mutinous subjects (p. 119), reminds one of our St. Thomas meeting his murderers in Canterbury.

The waters of the Reformation closed over Magdeburg, as over Canterbury. But the victory of Tilly rescued St. Norbert's relics and they were translated to Prague. "Where the body, there too are the eagles," and Austria has become the headquarters of the Premonstratensian Order. A beautiful selection of the Saint's maxims, the rule of the Third Order of St. Norbert, and a list of ancient Norbertine Houses in Great Britain and Ireland fitly close this interesting and edifying work.

That Father Geudens should have succeeded so well in a language, which is not his own, is a subject of congratulation.

But if the narrative loses sense of the grace and colour which a foreigner can hardly give in a tongue that is strange to him, the substance is all that could be desired. The very style had something archaic like that of an old world legend.

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7.—THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC NON-JURORS OF 1715.<sup>1</sup>

In the year 1715, within twelve months of the accession of George the First, Parliament passed a Bill, designed, so its title informs us, "to oblige Papists to register their names and real estates." In view of the heavy penalties which it threatened, the provisions of the Act were complied with with tolerable exactitude, and returns were duly made from each of the counties in England and Wales, setting forth the names of Catholics who owned real estate in the county, its annual value, its position, and the names of the tenants who occupied it. These returns are still preserved, and it will be readily understood that they must be of first-class importance in any attempt to determine the position of the Catholic body in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. A satisfactory edition of these lists has therefore long been a desideratum, and to the late Canon Estcourt, who designed, and to Mr. Orlebar Payne, who is chiefly responsible for the carrying out of this admirable work, the gratitude of all students of history is due.

The records here printed have not been hitherto unknown or unused. An abstract of them with a misleading title, and with serious inaccuracies and omissions, was published in the last century by a certain James Cosin, and a *verbatim* reprint of his book was issued not many years ago. Mr. Payne, however, has gone to the original documents in the Record Office. By diligent search he has been able to supply the portions hitherto missing, and especially he has enriched the volume with a store of brief, but most valuable notes, which leave very few indeed of the greater landowners without some kind of identification. It would, we suppose, have been too gigantic and too expensive an undertaking to have printed the whole returns *in extenso*, and if we express a regret that we have no indication of the number of acres or of the precise position of the different estates, we must not be understood to cast any blame upon the editor. As

<sup>1</sup> *The English Catholic Non-jurors of 1715.* Edited by the late Very Rev. E. E. Estcourt, M.A., F.S.A., and John Orlebar Payne, M.A. London: Burns and Oates.

far as we can judge, Mr. Payne has executed a very laborious task with equal diligence and skill.

Mr. Payne's work will be invaluable to genealogists, but it has a very much wider interest than this, because it sheds so much light upon a period which may be called for many reasons the darkest page of our history. Before the Revolution of 1688, the record of Catholicity in England is written so that all men may see, written in the blood of its martyrs. The faith still retained, amidst the Protestantism which surrounded it, a vigorous life, of which we perhaps scarcely form an adequate idea. But after the gallows and the rack had failed, the enemy changed their tactics. The citadel which had not yielded to assault was subjected to the far more dangerous process of blockade. Open persecution, though not unknown—as many facts in the pages before us sufficiently testify, was yet comparatively rare; and the severe penal laws retained on the Statute Book were kept there to warn rather than to punish. At the same time, Catholics suffered from every possible disability. Parliament, the Universities, the army, the bar, were shut against them. They were taught that if they would keep themselves and their religion out of sight, they would be left in peace. They accepted the position; and what was the result? That Church, which in the times of its martyrs had been preached at and reviled with an intensity which showed the alarm of its enemies almost as much as their hate, the Church, which, if it had not been for the imprudence of James the Second, bid fair at one time to win for itself a position of equality, had become, in little more than a century, utterly insignificant in England, at least as a political power, and from its very feebleness excited the compassion of the generous. And the Catholics that remained faithful were almost content with this; they had learnt this lesson so well that they feared to draw notice upon themselves. For a small measure of relief the majority were willing to go to the utmost limits of what conscience allowed, and to accept gratefully from a patronizing Government the official style and title of "Protesting Catholic Dissenters."

It is the beginning of this melancholy period that the lists of Non-jurors serve to illustrate, and we might learn from them, if we learnt nothing else, how great was the stake in the country which Catholic landowners held even as late as 1715. Whatever be the truth of a statement printed in an Appendix to Lord Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, that of the total number of free-

holders under William the Third, the non-Catholics were to the Catholics in the proportion of 186 to 1; it is certain that these figures are very far from representing the proportion as regards the *value* of the estates held. We should have gladly welcomed from Mr. Payne some little summary of the facts and conclusions which may be drawn from the returns he has printed; but he has contented himself with collecting the materials, and adding genealogical notes. A rough calculation, however, from his pages, gives as the total annual value of the property here registered, nearly all of it apparently in land, over £360,000. Now to this must certainly be added more than £100,000 for the estates of others who either evaded the Act, or who did not register their value for reasons which Mr. Payne has explained, and again for the property of minors whom the Act did not include. This gives us a total annual rent-roll of about £500,000. Now it is difficult to ascertain the precise value of all the landed property in England at this date; but it was not long before this, under William the Third, that a land-tax was for the first time imposed in this country, at the monstrous rate of four shillings in the pound. A new assessment was made, which is still the basis of such remnants of the land-tax as remain unredeemed to our own day, and the tax is said to have been enforced with tolerable strictness. It produced yearly a sum of about £1,800,000, which would imply that the land upon which it was levied was rated at £9,000,000 per annum. The real value no doubt must have been much higher; but even beside this larger amount, the £500,000 in the hands of Catholics is no contemptible fraction.

It may very probably be thought that a work consisting for the most part of a list of names, however valuable to the historian or the genealogist, is not likely to be of much general interest. We venture to assert that this is far from being the case. On the contrary, we are sure that no member of any old Catholic family, no one even who mixes much with Catholics, can turn over the pages of this volume without being greatly interested. The old English Catholic names, in many cases those of the poorer yeomen as well as of the rich landowners, may almost all be traced here, often in many different branches and many different counties. From the text, and especially from the notes, we learn something of their more immediate pedigree, their marriages and their property. With very little trouble, by the help of the Index, we may examine many interesting

matters. For instance, if we care to investigate the incomes of the Catholic peers of that date, we have the materials here ready to our hands. Thus the Duke of Norfolk, the largest landowner here entered, registers altogether property of the annual value of something less than £12,000, the titular Duke of Powis registers something less than £9,000, Lord Clifford over £3,500, and of commoners Sir John Webb and some others exceed £4,000. If these sums seem comparatively small according to our ideas, we may notice on the other hand that the number of estates of over £1,000 or £2,000 a year is very considerable, including those of nearly all the thirty-eight or forty English Catholic baronets whose names we find entered here. (At the passing of Catholic Emancipation the number of English Catholic baronets, if we mistake not, was sixteen). Again, we may see from these lists how the faithful few gathered round the greater country seats of old Catholic families. Such localities as East Hendred in Berks, Wardour in Wilts, Ince-Blundell in Lancashire, must have been perfect oases of Catholicism. We may note too with regret the numbers that have since fallen away from the faith, or again, the absence here of some few heads of great houses, like Charles, First Duke of Shrewsbury, who had himself apostatized, but whose estates passed once more, at a later period, into Catholic hands. The book is, in fact, a mine of curious information. In an Appendix the editor gives us some valuable extracts from the records of the Forfeited Estates Commissioners, and prints in full the Act of the first year of George the First, which was the occasion of these returns. Altogether, we must congratulate Mr. Payne, and all those to whom he acknowledges his obligations, upon having added one more admirable work to the list of those which have been produced of late years on the history of Catholicism in England.

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8.—LORD O'HAGAN'S SPEECHES.<sup>1</sup>

Lord O'Hagan's name well deserves to be held in honour by his countrymen. An Ulsterman and Roman Catholic, born before Catholic Emancipation was yet an accomplished fact, and labouring under the disadvantages belonging to his creed, he worked his way upwards, and finally filled the highest office

<sup>1</sup> *Lord O'Hagan's Selected Speeches and Arguments.* London: Longmans, 1885.



in the State to which it was in the power of his Sovereign to appoint him. His name will ever be remembered as the first Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and as the author of one of the greatest changes in the administration of the law in recent times—the Irish jury laws of 1871.

The volume before us is one which forms no unworthy record of his career. Here are over thirty speeches delivered in public meetings, in the Senate, and at the Bar, the perusal of which will serve not alone the purposes of literary study, but will afford an insight into certain phases of the history of the past forty years. The pages devoted to *Speeches delivered on Various Occasions* contain chiefly speeches delivered at public meetings in Dublin between 1850 and 1860. During this period he was working steadily at the Bar, and evidently had a dislike to appearing on public platforms. As he said himself, "he desired to pursue the quiet course of professional labour to which his life was devoted," but when the call was made, more especially when he was asked to speak at meetings called in support or defence of the Church, he was never found wanting. Not the least notable of these discourses is his speech at the unveiling of the Poet Moore's statue in Dublin; we regret the absence from the volume of the majestic oration delivered at the centenary of the same poet in 1876.

As was to be expected, his speeches at the Bar occupy the chief place in the volume. The two he delivered in defence of Gavan Duffy constitute in themselves a history of a most interesting period in Irish affairs, and a lasting monument of Lord O'Hagan's eloquence and patriotism. His defence of the Rev. Vladimir Petcherine, who was accused of contemptuously burning a copy of the authorized version of the Bible at Kingstown, in 1855, is one sustained burst of eloquence. He was here, not only as pleader for the accused, but as the defender of the Catholic Church in Ireland. He evidently realized this and rose fully to the occasion. He traced the connection of the Catholic Church with the Bible and proved conclusively that instead of being, as alleged, its enemy, she was the "guardian of its purity and preserver of its existence."

But it is his Parliamentary speeches that will possess most interest for the general body of readers. His speech in the House of Lords on the appellate jurisdiction of that House is a most valuable contribution to the history and practice of that peculiar feature in our Constitution, and it is a fact worthy of

note that it was largely owing to his efforts, that this jurisdiction, which was abolished in 1873 as regards English cases, was restored, but with many improvements, in 1876, and made applicable to the three Kingdoms. The speeches on Irish Education, Intermediate and University, are well worthy of study, containing, as they do, the views of one who was intimately acquainted, in all its bearings, with a question of which we have not heard the last. His addresses on the Irish Land Laws are full of sympathy for those they were intended to benefit. There is one, on the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, 1880, which he prepared, but never delivered. It is calm and temperate, but full of convincing argument in favour of that temporary measure, the rejection of which was a turning-point in the history of the Land Question.

The work is one that any reader, no matter what are his political views, may read with pleasure and interest. The volume is admirably edited, and each speech is preceded by an introductory note, which puts the facts and circumstances attending it in a nut-shell. Finally, we must give a word of praise to the beautifully engraved portait that forms its frontispiece.

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#### 9.—VAGRANT VERSES.<sup>1</sup>

The name of the writer is a warrant that this little volume of Catholic poems deserves to be a favourite. Many of the *Vagrant Verses* are familiar to us already from the pages of periodicals. Any one who ever read them will be glad to recognize such poems as "Christ the Gleaner" seen in vision of the night walking through His harvest fields to gather into His mantle the broken stalks and bruised and sullied husks that the gleaners thought worthless: and "Lent" the long gray road that will end in the bloom of spring: and the dream of "Poverty" ascending to the heights above the city spangled with lamps of revelry, till with the dawn the angels meet her on the misty path to lead her into eternal day. For picturesque charm and originality, perhaps, one of the best is "Saint Barbara." The girl imprisoned high up in the narrow tower is separated from the joys of the world below, but imagination pictures other glories for her solitary fate.

<sup>1</sup> *Vagrant Verses.* By Rosa Mulholland. London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1886.

Yet thou hast company the clouds among,  
The birds' loud songs surround thee,  
The legions of the storm whirl round and round thee,  
The tranquil saints, from their eternal places,  
Look out and show thee their enraptured faces—  
The stars shine clear and long.

A band of fair young angels come to thee  
Down to thy narrow chamber.  
With lutes in their hands and trailing wings of amber;  
And I try to see thee there amid their splendour,  
But my eyes fail me with a swift surrender  
To daisies under me.

The daisies are for me and the young grass,  
And the birds in the low hedges,  
Yet whenever I see the clouds with their golden edges  
I think of thee in thy tower among the angels  
Drinking the comfort of their pure evangels,  
Sweetest of Barbaras!

We hope these verses will send our readers to the volume to find for themselves the numberless word-pictures and new thoughts that it contains. The "Angels Everywhere" has almost caught the ring of Longfellow's verses about spirit footsteps. But we should not do justice to the variety of the poems if we left it to be imagined that all are of a sacred character; they are about equally divided, and a few like "Emmet's love" are a tribute to the writer's native land—

A vagrant 'mid the kings and queens of time  
Yet ever lovely in the gracious prime  
Of beauty nourished by her children's love  
Though monarchs fall and climb.

There is a very fine reference to the religious persecution of bygone centuries, telling

How in the mountain cave the priest was snared  
The law-breaker who death and torture dared  
With Christ's red wine-cup in his obstinate hand  
And crucifix all bared. . . .

The dead Franciscan, in his monkish gown,  
His cord of poverty and shaven crown,  
Swing from the bough, and with the irreverent winds  
Go wavering up and down.

We cannot recall any verses descriptive of martyrdom, so terse and strong as these few words. So, the merits of the *Vagrant Verses* being many and widely different, we can only hope the little volume will meet with a welcome from many readers, and that all tastes will find in it something to enjoy.

10.—QUEEN BY RIGHT DIVINE.<sup>1</sup>

One February day in 1856, forty thousand men marched through the streets of Paris, bare-headed—a funeral procession. The carriages of the wealthy and noble were also present, and a military escort surrounded the hearse. It was a pauper hearse, poor in harmony with the life of the Sister of Charity who was being borne to her grave. On the pall the Cross of the Legion of Honour was glittering; Sœur Rosalie had received it from the Emperor, but she had never worn it, for as she told him with her naïve playfulness, if she put that on perhaps St. Vincent might not know his daughter.

This queen of the poor forms the subject of more than half the present little volume. Sœur Rosalie's life is an admirable example for our days, and it is told here with a brightness, we might almost say, a brilliancy, which ought to make the book a great favourite with old and young.

The great Sister of Charity was but eighteen when she began her work in Paris. Ten years after, she was at the head of the community with *crèche* and schools, patronage, and home for the aged, all established: with the den of vice and misery, the Faubourg St. Marceau, reformed by her loving service; and with its people looking up to her from the youngest child to the roughest man, as "Our Mother." In the Revolution of 1830, barricades were abandoned at her command; and when the fight was over, she hid the fugitives of the revolt as often as she could, declaring that she should help the unfortunate, and pitying the poor even in their lawless violence. Her charity extended to the rich, and her parlour was crowded with clients for sympathy and advice, from the ambassador down to the working man, from the duchess to the beggar. She utilized the rich for the poor, but she also used the poor to elevate the lives of men and women of the world by practical charity. Her visitors sometimes numbered more than five hundred in the day, of all classes. Some years before her death she had a dream, which she was fond of telling with great glee; it shows how humble was this saintly soul, who set no store upon her mighty works, and forgot that she was

<sup>1</sup> *Queen by Right Divine*, and other Tales. Being the second series of *Bells of the Sanctuary*. By Kathleen O'Meara. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

one of the greatest powers for good in all France. In her dream,

She was dead and standing before the judgment seat, covered with confusion at the sight of her sins, and awaiting in terror the sentence of eternal condemnation that was going to be pronounced upon her. Suddenly she was surrounded by a crowd of miserable looking people, carrying old hats and boots and tattered clothes of every description; they all began to cry out interceding for her, and saying that it was she who had given them these things, until our Lord, turning to her with a softened countenance, said, "In consideration of all these rags given in My Name, I open to you the Kingdom of Heaven for all eternity."

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*Literary Record.*

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## I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

One might have imagined that ingenuity had by this time exhausted itself in regard to the production of birthday books, so many and so varied are the volumes bearing this title which have issued from the press. An addition to the number was, however, still to come, for by some happy thought the idea has suggested itself to an unknown compiler, to furnish us with a birthday book for our dead friends, wherein to mark, not the day on which they entered on their earthly existence, but the day on which began their true life, the life beyond the grave; for, as we are told on the title-page, "death-days are the birth-days of the real life."<sup>1</sup> For Catholics the mystery of death is despoiled of its worst bitterness; our intercourse with those whom we have known and loved does not cease when they pass out of this world, and it is well, according to the advice of the Père du Barry, given on the first page, to make a list of them, to be read over from time to time. For this purpose the manual before us will be most useful; it will remind us to pray for those who are still "awaiting our petitions, silent and calm," and to invoke others who having passed over to the eternal shore are "blessed in their desired rest," and by whose intercessions great gifts may be obtained from God. The beautiful verses and apt quotations from writers both Catholic and non-Catholic, of all ages and all climes, wherewith the book is freely enriched, will

<sup>1</sup> *The Birthday-book of our Dead.* Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

ensure for it a hearty welcome, and, we hope, procure for it a widespread circulation.

The Notre Dame *Scholastic Annual*,<sup>2</sup> now in the eleventh year of its existence, is a very creditable production. Besides the usual calendar, it gives many pages of brightly written literary matter.

Messrs. Murphy, of Baltimore, sends us a little book of devotions for the Stations of the Cross,<sup>3</sup> well written, well printed, and well illustrated.

A second edition of Father Fieu's *Book of Lenten Meditations*<sup>4</sup> has just been published, the first, consisting of two thousand copies, having been exhausted within six months. A carefully revised text and additions to many of the chapters are the principal improvements in the new issue of this devout little work.

Readers of Mr. Healy Thompson's "Life of the Holy Man of Tours," will remember what a large part devotion to the Holy Face of our Blessed Lord played in M. Dupont's wonderful life. The Abbé Janvier's little work on the *Sanctuaries of the Holy Face*<sup>5</sup> shows that this devotion is nothing new in the Church. It has a long history, and the chapel at Tours is only one of its many sanctuaries. The book contains a collection of devotions and an account of the Confraternity of the Holy Face, the special object of which is to prevent and to make reparation for blasphemy in all its manifold forms—surely a work sadly wanted in our day.

The *Catholic Soldier's Guide*<sup>6</sup> is a book that will be useful to Catholic soldiers and army chaplains both at home and abroad. Written originally for soldiers in India by a priest who has long laboured among them, its pages are full of some practical advice written in a plain manly way, and dealing not only with religious duties strictly so called, but with the soldier's life in

<sup>2</sup> *The Scholastic Annual for the year of our Lord 1886.* By J. A. Lyons. University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.

<sup>3</sup> *Stations: or the Exercises of the Holy Way of the Cross.* Prepared by a Catholic Clergyman. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co., 1886.

<sup>4</sup> *Meditations for the Holy Season of Lent.* By Rev. S. Fieu. Second Edition. Dublin: James Duffy and Sons, 1886.

<sup>5</sup> *Noted Sanctuaries of the Holy Face, or the Cultus of the Holy Face, as practised at St. Peter's of the Vatican and other celebrated Shrines.* By the Abbé Janvier, Translated from the French by P.P.S., with a Preface by the Most Rev. W. H. Elder, D.D. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co., 1885.

<sup>6</sup> *The Catholic Soldier's Guide during his Stay Abroad.* By George Weninger, S.J. Second edition. Dublin: Gill and Son, 1886.



general, its difficulties, its dangers, and the means of avoiding or overcoming them, and at the same time it shows how to make the best use of all the advantages and means of self-improvement which a soldier's life now affords.

The pamphlet entitled *Socialist, Protestant, Catholic*,<sup>7</sup> is the record of a conversion. The author has some very curious experiences to relate.

Under the title of *Joy and Laughter*,<sup>8</sup> we have, in some seventy pages, a very interesting and often very amusing lecture, in support of the conclusion, that it is well worth men's while to wear a cheerful face and keep a joyous hand however evil the time may be. The author proves his point, and in proving it pours out an abundance of lively anecdote and curious lore.

No book for boys has ever rivalled the popularity of *Robinson Crusoe*; but as it stands in the original it contains passages undesirable for Catholic schools or firesides. The present edition<sup>9</sup> is not a changed and adapted account of our old friend and hero; but the veritable book with omissions of all that is "not quite desirable reading for little ones of the faith to which Daniel Defoe did not belong." Teachers and parents have now an illustrated *Robinson Crusoe* that they can confidently give as a prize or a present.

*Waifs of a Christmas Morning* and other Tales<sup>10</sup> is a small quarto with simple pictures in outline, a new style of illustration that might easily add to the charm of Catholic children's books. The present book is not for children; but young readers, who have not found their way to novels, may enjoy Gwendoline's London season and the extraordinary fortunes of her children: and the story of the Irish girl who set her heart on buying a jewelled chalice; and of the blind organist, which is a graceful sketch and the best and simplest in its teaching. The blind musician of the cathedral adopts a child, who has been nearly killed in the street; a greater joy even than harmony comes into his dark and aimless life, and when death parts them he sacrifices his cherished hope of founding a school for music, and grants the girl's last wish for the founding of an orphanage instead, for

<sup>7</sup> *Socialist, Protestant, Catholic*. Chichester: W. H. Barrett, 1885.

<sup>8</sup> *Joy and Laughter*. By V. M. London: Burns and Oates, 1886.

<sup>9</sup> *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe*. Edited by Rosa Mulholland, with illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

<sup>10</sup> *Waifs of a Christmas Morning* and other Tales. By Josephine Hannan. Illustrated by Isabel Whitgreave. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

other children rescued from poverty and misery. It is a useful moral to show, even by this slight sketch, that no existence is doomed to be empty and void, and the darkest life may take to itself happiness and become a source of joy for others.

## II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* for February opens with a brief and clear abstract of the recent Encyclical, by the publication of which the Holy Father raises, it is said, the standard of true freedom, of the internal order and external peace of nations, round which Catholics of all countries must rally. An interesting sketch is given of the late Father Schneeman, whose life was one of no ordinary activity and usefulness. After studying theology at Bonn, he entered the Society of Jesus at the age of twenty-two; subsequent to his ordination he was appointed Professor of Philosophy, but later on devoted himself almost exclusively to literary work. So greatly did he distinguish himself as a champion of the Church and her rights, and as an opponent of modern liberalism, that he drew on himself more hatred and open hostility from the anti-clerical party than any other German Catholic. His principal work, *Acta et decreta sacrorum conciliorum recentiorum*, the value of which even the non-Catholic press was fain to acknowledge, was also his last, in fact his exertions in collecting materials for the seventh and concluding volume apparently hastened his death, which took place at the age of fifty-seven years at Roermond, whither he retired on the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Abbey of Laach. Another article treats of the origin and nature of shooting stars and meteoric stones, and Father Beissel carries on the history of the Cathedral of Treves—which, with its rich mosaics, rare marbles and gilded glass, was five times laid waste and partly burnt by the barbarians—until its restoration and enlargement in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. This splendid structure was a masterpiece of architectural skill by the harmonious combination of various styles, and of decorative art by the application of the gorgeous colouring in which the painters of the middle ages so singularly excelled.

In the latest number of the *Katholik* we are reminded of the ancient adage: *Si Marcus paschabit, Antonius pentecostabit, Johannes adorabit, totus mundus vae clamabit*, a prognostic of evil

which applies to the present year. Although there is truly much cause for universal lamentation in consequence of the ills brought on society by the prevalence of anti-Christian principles, the *Katholik* finds ground for hope and encouragement in the fact that these ills are felt, acknowledged and complained of, for otherwise no cure would be sought, no remedy desired. More than once recently the *Katholik* has set before its readers the vast importance and the salutary effects of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and now the recurrence of the two hundredth anniversary of the apparition at Paray, gives occasion to a discussion of the question as to what part P. Eudes had in founding and spreading this devotion. His followers allege that his work has been greatly overlooked; they claim for him the credit of having been its first Apostle, and having established the *cultus* previous to the revelation of our Lord's will to Sister Alacoque, and its diffusion by means of P. de la Columbière's exertions. The disquisition concerning the nature of space is continued, and the first instalment is given of an account of the changes and developments which the Gallican rite underwent in the course of six centuries, until it was finally superseded by the Roman rite.

In the two numbers (885, 886) of the *Civiltà Cattolica* now before us, we find the continuation of the instructive commentary on and amplification of the Encyclical, showing how the supreme earthly authority ought to have for its model and rule the Divine government of the universe. Another article enlarges on the results of the Papal mediation between Germany and Spain. Not only is this recognition of the Pope's moral supremacy gratifying to Catholics as enhancing the position of the Head of the Church, but it is of political importance to all Europe that he should be appealed to as the proper arbitrator between States and Princes, and recognized as an independent sovereign, though now dispossessed of territory. The archæologist and antiquarian will be interested in the description of the structure of the monumental remains in Sardinia, and of the historical inscription on the Moabite stone. The *Civiltà* states that the statistics of the appalling increase of crime in Italy cause consternation among all parties. The Liberal papers are at a loss to account for this moral retrogression, and would attribute it to the inadequacy of the penal code, or the inefficiency of the executive government. The true cause is the spread of unbelief and socialism; as in the days when Israel grew corrupt,

there is no knowledge of God upon the earth, and for the increasing depravity no cure can be found but Christianity. Turning from the moral to the natural order, we read in the scientific notes that a species of fungus, apparently a kind of mildew, is yearly causing more trouble to the proprietors of vineyards. Its ravages are proving as destructive in Tuscany and the Romagna as were those of the dreaded phylloxera in France.

In *La Réforme Sociale* for the 15th of February we find an article on *Les Petits Logements à Lyon*, which shows that the question of the housing of the working classes, is just as difficult a problem in France as it is in England. This review gives, month after month, a mass of important reports and discussions on economical and social subjects, drawn up with that patient accuracy which distinguishes the school of M. le Play. Looking over its pages we often wish that a similar work could be done in England by Catholic students of economics.

In the *Revue Générale* of Brussels, Herr Bachem, a Catholic member of the Prussian Parliament, continues his elaborate history of the Kulturkampf, and M. Jooris, a Belgian diplomatist, writes on the action of various Popes in deciding colonial disputes, with special reference to the mediation of Leo the Thirteenth in the affair of the Carolines. M. Herman Schoolmeestus has an article entitled *La Question Agricole*, which shows that in Belgium the land question is very rapidly approaching a serious crisis. Among the lighter contents we may note M. Leclercq's account of the Mammoth springs and the Yellowstone region in the United States.



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